SUPPLEMENT

TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF

LE BEAU MONDE;

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

THE FINE ARTS.

OSSIAN.

"I behold thy towers, O Selma! and the oaks of thy shaded wall: thy streams sound "in my ear; thy Heroes gather round. Fingal sits in the midst, and leans on the shield "of Trenmor:——He listens to the song of the Bard."——Vide annexed Plate.

THE originality of Ossian's Poems has been so long and so ably defended, by the advocates for their authenticity, and so ingeniously contested by those who have taken the opposite side, without the matter in debate being yet finally settled, that in alluding to the spirit and character of the reputed author, in illustration of the accompanying engraving (which is a correct copy from one of the first French artists of the day) we shall confine ourselves solely to a general view of the *time and circumstance* of the story of the Poems, and such parts of the *general imagery* as are descriptive of those wild and romantic ideas, which the judicious and poetic *Gerard* has so strikingly embodied on his canvas, and thus "given to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Much abstract reasoning has been employed on the possibility, and probability, of these Poems being the production of an age so early as the third century, and many inquiries have been made, in consequence, into the antiquities of the earliest inhabitants of these islands and of the north of Europe, which certainly have tended more to the amusement than to the instruction of the learned world. Nothing is easier than to form systems of history on assumed facts, or on specious conjectures; but we should recollect, that little reliance ought to be placed on facts merely handed down by tradition, or on reasonings founded on what the writer imagines *ought to have* been, the manners and acquirements of ancient times.

If, however, these Poems are not entirely original, they may certainly be so in part, and they undoubtedly display a simplicity of expression, a unity of action, and a correct delineation of nature, which might be the production of native and uneducated genius, and which bear a strong similarity to the turn of thought and expression of those *early* poets of other nations, whose works are well authenticated; and also to the songs of the bards of modern savage nations; from a strict observance of whose manners and capabilities, we may perhaps draw the fairest conclusions respecting the acquirements of the early Caledonians, and of the Runic and Scandinavian bards.

In the early simplicity of all nations, there are but few events to describe, and these events can be placed in but few points of view: such as they are, they are only handed down by tradition, and where these traditions are related by those whose minds are filled with all the superstitious imagery of ghosts and supernatural events, we must expect a great portion of *wild*

machinery, which embellishes the story, without, at the same time, taking away *all belief* in the historical facts. As the use of letters was not known in the north of Europe until towards the middle ages, the traditions of the bards were carefully preserved by memory; and as their rhyme afforded a species of *mechanical* facility in repetition, it is likely that many stanzas may still exist in the popular tales of those mountainous countries, where literature has yet made little progress. Indeed, the most likely place to find traditions, on which we may place some reliance, is among the wildest parts of the country, where the inhabitants still differ much from their polished neighbours, where their language is pure, and their manners original; where, proud of their antiquity, they are anxious to preserve even the faintest records of it: and where the leisure of a pastoral life induces them to amuse themselves with the songs of their ancestors. Such places were the Highlands of Scotland, where the chief resided in his ancient tower, surrounded by his native mountains and morasses, and encircled by his clan, whose greatest enjoyments were the song, the harp, and the bagpipe, through a long and dreary winter. If these Poems, or even a part of them, are indeed original, they give us high ideas of the genius and sensibility of Ossian, as many parts are marked with the most impressive sublimity, whilst others, by the simple pathos of their expression, excite the softest feelings of love or sorrow. It was natural for a genius like his to feel all that tender melancholy, all that keenness of regret, which he so happily paints in his lamentations on the loss of his father, of his son, of his friends, with whom he had fought and conquered in the field of death; with whom he had chased the bounding roe over the green hills of Morven, and with whom he had celebrated the feast of shells in the halls of his fathers; in those halls, at length deserted, the rank grass waving on their turrets, whilst the winds of night whistled through their gloomy vaults; and the bard himself, blind from old age, was shut out from the face of day, and nothing left to cheer him but the airy visions of long lost friends flitting before his wayward fancy. The tales which he had listened to in early youth, must now have made a strong impression on his imagination; nothing can therefore be more natural than for him to hear the voice of departed spirits, sighing in the breeze as it waved the long grass on the tombs of his ancestors; or more loudly calling from the sea-beat shore, or groaning in the mountain blast. The internal evidence is, therefore, *not against* their authenticity; however, without hazarding an opinion on *that* point, we may turn to the reception which these Poems met with on the Continent, where they have been translated into more languages than one, and have been universally admired. GERARD, the pupil and friend of DAVID, notwithstanding his mind was filled with all the classic elegance of Rome, and warmed by the contemplation of all these remains of ancient art, now collected at Paris, was yet charmed with the simplicity and romantic imagery of OSSIAN, and with a *poetical* discrimination, highly honourable to his talents as a painter, has embodied some of the sublimest ideas of the poet, in a composition which has even caught the attention of the present ruler of France. Anxious to preserve a piece of such exquisite merit from decay of time, by multiplying its resemblances by means of the *graver*, Napoleon sent it over to this country, in order to have it executed by an English artist; and the sum offered for the engraving, we have been given to understand, was two thousand guineas: some untoward accident, however, prevented the completion of the engagement, and it was sent back to Paris, where it was engraved and published in the year 1804, three years after it was first painted, and what is something remarkable, by Godefroy, a native of England, who acquired his art here, previous to his settling at Paris. Few proofs have yet reached this country; we have, however, at a considerable expence, procured a copy by an esteemed artist, in order to gratify our numerous and classical readers. Of the merit of Francisco Gerard, we need no other testimony than that of the sentimental, yet accurately judging, Kotzebue, who, in analysing one of Gerard's performances, observes, "this excellent his-"torical painter is likewise a poet, which is "proved by his admirable picture of Belisa-"rius: for the highly poetical situation in "which he has placed the blind old man in this "picture, is his own happy, yet deeply affect-"ing invention." He then observes, "as the "professor of historical painting alone can "scarcely procure a subsistence, Gerard, as "well as others of his colleagues, have con-"descended to paint portraits; but his genius "knows how to convert every portrait into a "picture, which, notwithstanding the resem-"blance, receives a still higher and more per-"manent value from his pencil." This high tribute to the merit of Gerard seems justly due, when we look at this *chef d'œuvre* of his

pencil. Nothing can be more accurately, and at the same time poetically descriptive, than the bard seated by the mountain torrent, and whilst gently touching the strings of his harp, by the magic of the well-remembered strains, conjuring up before his busy memory, the spirits of those he had dearly loved.

The distant towers of Selma, faintly irradiated by a clouded and rising moon, are admirably contrasted by the thin airy forms, through whose visionary garments the stars are faintly seen; the spirit and character of the different air-drawn ghosts are accurately expressive, and the painter seems to have equalled the happiest idea of the poet. The majesty of Fingal is nobly sketched, and nothing can be more pleasing than the complacency with which he listens to the notes of the yet earthly musician. The attitudes of the other spirits, particularly Oscar and Malvina, are well imagined, and the painter has evinced a strong adherence to the superstition of the time, by introducing the visionary forms even of the dogs of the departed heroes. To exemplify this more fully, we shall subjoin the corresponding extracts from the work itself. The moon-light scenery is picturesquely expressive of Ossian's address to the pale regent of the night:—"Daughter of "Heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy "face is pleasant. Thou comest forth in "loveliness: the stars attend thy blue steps in "the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, "O Moon, and brighten their dark brown "sides."—"The winds begin to rise; the "dark wave of the lake resounds. My harp "hangs on a blasted branch. The sound of its "strings is mournful. Does the wind touch "thee, oh harp, or is it some passing ghost? "But bring me the harp, another song shall "arise. My soul shall depart in the sound: "my fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. "Their dim faces shall hang with joy from "their clouds, and their hands receive their "son. The aged oak bends over the stream; "it sighs with all its moss. The withered "fern whistles near, and mixes, as it wanes, "with Ossian's hair."—Another striking passage has also inspired the painter. "A cloud "hangs over Cona; its blue curling sides are "high; the winds are beneath it with their "wings; within it is the dwelling of Fingal. "There the hero sits in darkness; his airy "spear is in his hand: his shield, half covered "with clouds, is like the darkened moon: his "friends sit around the King on mist, and hear "the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half view-"less harp, and raises the feeble voice. The "lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light "the airy hall." Gerard has also well expressed the opinion, that the dead enjoyed all their delights of hunting in their future state; the two dogs remind us of that passage—"Call," said Fingal, "call my dogs, the long "bounding sons of the chace. Call white "breasted Bran, and the surly strength of "Luath,—blow my horn that the joy of the "chace may arise."—We have no occasion to expatiate further on the merits of this *morceau* of the Fine Arts, but shall conclude this article with the last request of Ossian. "Oh lay me, "ye that see the light, near some rock of my "hills: let the thick hazels be around, let the "rustling oak be near. Green be the place of "my rest; and let the distant torrent be heard. "Selma, I behold thy towers, thy trees, and "shaded walls. I see the heroes of Morven, "and hear the song of bards; my soul is often "brightened with the song, and I remember "the companions of my youth!!!

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET-HOUSE.

General Observations on the Rank of Portrait Painting—Mr. West's Harmony of Affection—Mr. Thomson's Indian—Mr. Dubost's Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Hope—Mr. Shee's Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Hope—Mr. Owen's Portrait of Lady Heathcote—Mr. Westall's Helen on the Scæan Gate—Mr. Lawrence's Portrait of Lady Hood—Mr. Woodforde's Zara—Mr. Northcote's Annunciation of Christ—Mr. Oliver's Maternal Affection—Mr. Fuseli's Cardinal Beaufort—Mr. Shee's Lavinia—Miss Maskall's Portrait of Miss Phibbs—Mr. Drummond's Victory of the Windsor Castle Packet—Mr. Stothard's Illustration of Pope's Essay on Man—Mr. Phillips's Portrait of Mr. Lowten—Mr. Turner's Unpaid Bill—Sir William Beechey's Portrait of the Duke of Cambridge—Mr. Wilkie's Card Players—Mr. Woodforde's Minstrel.

TO those who, understanding but little of the minutiæ of criticism, prefer subject to colouring, and an interesting expression of passion to an accurate disposition of lights and shadows, the Exhibition of this year has probably afforded an unusual degree of satisfaction. Portrait painting has not, so overweeningly as usual, seized all the proudest situations of the exhibition-rooms: and designs that are interesting to every body are to be found in considerable abundance. We should be delighted if we could venture to hope that the genius of design was really gaining ground upon the skill of imitation: for nothing better than imitation is the mere portraiture of features. To delineate mankind is indeed the noblest employment of the pencil: but it is the delineation of their minds, not the delineation of their bodies that ennobles the artist, and gives to painting its rank among the most sublime pursuits of genius. A nose, mouth and eyes, however accurately copied, are not in themselves a fine picture: those features must be thrown into some obvious *expression*, or they are mere masses of flesh, and not at all more noble than a shell or a flower painted with an equal degree of accuracy. This *expression* has something which every body understands, or at least which every body feels: it conveys a forcible idea of some passion to which we are all subject; it presents human nature in general: and the whole of the matter may perhaps be summed up by our saying that it is the representation of mankind, not the representation of man, that gives dignity to the art of painting. One individual's face is generally as little interesting to the public as another individual's: but the passions of an individual are not, like his face, the peculiar property of his own nature: they are the common inheritance of all the human race, and therefore they must interest all. It is because portraits in general can have no intelligible expression, and consequently no general interest, that they do not deserve to take a high rank among the operations of art. And when we make use of such words as *every body* in matters of taste, we beg to have it understood that we mean, not literally, *every body*, but every body of a mind so cultivated as to be capable of a satisfaction in such objects as the Fine Arts: for *every body* in the universal sense of that expression, would include millions of people who have not the most distant notion of that species of intellectual pleasure which is to be derived from the sublime or beautiful in painting.

But however generally the superiority of historical painting over the manufacture of portraits be allowed by persons, who have ever considered the comparative rank of these two kinds of painting: and however magnificently certain wealthy individuals may declaim upon the necessity of encouraging the Fine Arts in Great Britain: yet the vanity of human nature leads every body to take just that method of encouraging the Arts, which of all others tends the least to encourage them. An old lady sits for her picture, and then goes into company to declare that she is happy to set the example of aiding genius: that is to say, people make taste and patriotism the excuses of vanity. As long as this principle lasts, (and we are afraid that a principle built upon so strong a passion as vanity is very likely to last even till the race of men and women is extinct) it is not to be expected that the nobler styles of painting, will permanently obtain their legitimate prominence, even though chance or caprice may in some particular years appear to give them an ascendancy.

There are some portraits indeed which are

interesting to the public, and may be interesting even to posterity; and these are the portraits of very eminent persons. But we do not consider such a circumstance as an argument that can prove much in favour of the glory of portrait-painting: for this kind of portrait is only noble, inasmuch as it partakes of something that mere portrait-painting does not reach. These portraits are interesting because they illustrate and perpetuate mind, just as historical painting illustrates and perpetuates it. In the portraits of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox we are not delighted by so many limbs, with a trunk and a head: our pleasure arises from an association of the intellectual figure with the figure beheld upon the canvas, and from a curiosity to know how far the mind and the body of such men correspond. No pleasure would be felt in the contemplation of any private individual's features, however handsome, nay, however expressive they might be, unless the nature and causes of the expression were understood: that is to say, unless the picture became the representation of a feeling as well as of a face; and then it would be no longer a mere portrait, but a historical work.

We congratulate the public then, on the very considerable number of original designs that have appeared in this fortieth Exhibition of the Royal Academy; but we are afraid to speak prophetically upon the question, or attribute to improving taste that effect which there seems too much reason to believe has arisen from accident alone.

We now proceed to say something of a few of those pictures that are most conspicuous from their merits, their situation, or the fame of the artists who produced them.

174. *The Harmony of Affection.* B. West, R. A.

To those who are not in the habit of judging by any other organ than the eye, the pictures of Mr. West are almost always agreeable: for few masters, have ever possessed, in a more eminent degree, all that knowledge of touch, all that artful disposition of apparently insignificant light, which are seen in almost every picture that is exhibited by Mr. West. It is therefore observable, that in some large picture galleries, where the multiplicity of the objects diverts the mind from a very minute contemplation of any one performance, the works of Mr. West, assorting well in the general effects of light and colour, which are the merits that first strike the eye, pass with most spectators for really excellent pictures, because those differences between Mr. West and the old masters, which lie a little beyond the surface, have not been investigated by such spectators. But people who go rather more deeply into these studies, and estimate the merits of a picture rather by the mind than the mechanism of it, will for the most part concur with us in condemning the generality of Mr. West's performances, as weak in the particulars where strength is indispensable, however strong they may be in the particulars where weakness is excusable.

In the picture of which we now speak, two genii, one male and the other female, are represented in the act of embracing each other. But the immense heads of both these figures are so remote from all tolerable proportion to the bodies, that (at least if genii were at all like men and women) these figures cannot be at all like genii. The female has a rim of red round her eyes, which, as the arm of her companion is very closely twined about her neck, gives her that bloodshot look which people have when they are choaking. In the back-ground is a Cupid, driving a curricle with flying-fish. A remarkable equipage unquestionably: and one which is less distinguished by its classical correctness, than by its striking novelty. We leave the genii to kiss in quiet, and wish the Cupid a pleasant ride.

35. *A Portrait.*—H. Thomson, R. A.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
"Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the
"wind."

This picture unites in a remarkable degree the seldom-concurring merits of strength and grace. It is a grossly erroneous, but almost universal notion, that vigour and elegance are not compatible in art. It is true that they are seldom found together in nature: but there are some instances in which both qualities are eminently united, and those instances are the instances most fit for the imitation of the artist. But even if such instances were more rare than they are, it would not the less be the duty of the artist to attempt the combination of the most excellent qualities: for the business of art is to improve, rather than exactly to copy nature: to cultivate her merits and cover her defects: to produce that which, though perhaps more beautiful than nature actually is, shall not appear more beautiful than nature possibly might be. We perpetually hear ignorant people, at the sight of a carefully finished and elegant production in any art, exclaiming, "Oh, "the strength must be all frittered away by the "application of so many graces." It is no

such thing. A bad painter, or a bad sculptor, or a bad poet, or a bad actor, may fritter away the strongest effects, to be sure, by unnecessary friction in polishing; but it does not necessarily follow, that what is clumsy, must be strong, or that what is graceful, must be weak. On the contrary it is most reasonable to suppose, that the substance which has most real strength, will bear, without crumbling, the highest degree of polish. Nature has been so economical in the distribution of her bounties, that she has seldom bestowed many different requisites upon one object: but art is not restricted to any kind of parsimony: nature was obliged to limit the excellences of her creatures, in order that no one, by possessing an undue proportion of advantages, might step beyond its rank in the scale of creation; but the business of art is to endeavour that each succeeding work shall surpass all that have gone before it. Therefore a great painter must be pleasing as well as accurate, elegant as well as impressive, intelligible as well as sublime, graceful as well as vigorous. Every consistent excellence that nature has scattered through a thousand objects, he may combine into one: and strive to surpass nature, not to violate her. The story of the Grecian painter Zeuxis should always be present to the recollection of every artist: that story, which with one or two slight variations of circumstance, but with a strict preservation of the principle, has been so beautifully told by that most magnificent of all modern poets, Mr. Thomas Campbell, the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*. In this work, which, however deficient in connexion as a whole, contains more sublimity and sweetness, more splendour of versification and brilliancy of imagery, more truth of philosophy and rapture of feeling, than perhaps any work of the same length, ancient or modern, Mr. Campbell, desirous of elucidating another matter, says, by way of illustration:

"So when the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
"The queen of beauty in her Cyprian shade,
"The happy master mingled in his piece
"Each look that charm'd him in the fair of
"Greece:
"To *faultless nature* true, he stole a grace
"From every finer form and sweeter face,
"And, as he sojourned on the Ægean isles,
"Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their
"smiles.
"Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and
"refined,
"And mortal charms seemed heavenly when
"combined:
"Taste in the picture beam'd: expression
"pour'd
"Her mingling spirit there: and Greece
"adored!"

Mr. Thomson appears to be among the small number of those artists who understand the profession to which they belong: for he does not, like the generality of painters, bestow his attention on the mere externals of the science: but investigates the mind and genius of his art, studies its theory of effects, and combines all its compatible beauties.

The picture of this female Indian, on her knees, is a striking exemplification of these merits. The combination in one picture, of a sublime spirit and feeling, with a striking description of outward nature—beauty of form, and sweetness of expression, united even in a single figure, with elevation and dignity of character—are merits which, in proportion as they are rare, deserve to be more highly extolled. The sky is darkened with a cloudy majesty, and the branch of the sea, that sweeps in the distance, is admirably expressive of the effect produced by tempestuous winds. In the midst of this elemental commotion, the maid kneels unmoved: serene and sublime devotion reveal themselves upon her countenance: and all the mellow richness of colour, that glows on the Indian skin, burns in the brightest softness on the polished ebony of this girl's complexion. But it is time for us to leave this interesting subject.

31. *Portrait of Mrs. T. Hope and Son.*—M. Dubost.

This picture is unfortunately placed in a very conspicuous point of view: unfortunately we may with justice say, whether we consider the interests of the academy, the fame of Mrs. Hope's beauty, the credit of the artist, or the amusement of the public. Being of such a kind, it does not place us under the necessity of bestowing upon it any further emotion than our regret. Mrs. Thomas Hope deserved a more meritorious portrait:

58. *Portrait of Mrs. T. Hope.*—M. A. Shee, R. A.

And accordingly a little way further along the wall we find Mrs. Thomas Hope represented by a better picture. But whether it be from our very exalted notions of Mrs. T. Hope, or from our want of readiness in discovering the merits of modern artists, we are still discontented: for even this portrait has nothing to render it remarkable, except its subject. It is

fortunate for Mrs. Thomas Hope that the lustre of her native beauty is so brilliant as to place her above the necessity of adventitious aids: for if we may judge by the two attempts here made, she seems destined to look less lovely by being *painted*.

75. *Portrait of Lady Heathcote.*—W. OWEN, R. A.

This picture forms an admirable contrast with the two which we have last mentioned. For in those two the bad management of the artists spoilt portraits, possessing, as far as a portrait ever does, all advantages of attraction in the subject that a painter can possibly desire. In the work, of which we are now speaking, the subject, having past the lustre of youth and beauty, can convey no emotion to the spectator's breast, except an emotion of admiration at the painter's skill. That emotion of admiration Mr. Owen has excited. We only lament that such a pencil should be employed in the dark paths of portrait painting, when it ought to glow on nobler subjects, and

——"fire, with intellectual day,
"The mazy wheels of nature, as they play!"

72. *Helen on the Scæan Gate, come to view the combat between Paris and Menelaus.*—R. WESTALL, R. A.

"The good old Priam welcomed her, and cried;
"Approach, my child, and grace thy father's
" side.
"See, on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
"The friends and kindred of thy former years.
"No crime of thine our present sufferings
" draws:
"Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the
" cause.
" And thus the fair replied:
"Before thy presence, father, I appear,
"With conscious shame, and reverential fear.
"Ah! had I died ere to these walls I fled,
"False to my country, and my nuptial bed,
"My brothers, friends, and daughter left be-
" hind,
"False to them all, to Paris only kind:
"For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
"Shall waste the form whose crime it was to
" please."

Pope's Homer, Book III.

Of that kind of genius which is distinguished more by beauty, sweetness, elegance, and taste, than by the power of exciting very splendid or sublime emotions, few men have better deserved the reputation than Mr. Westall. In this picture nothing transports us: but there is something to delight, much to please, and little to offend the cultivated observation. The figure of Helen expresses, accurately and fascinatingly, the modest sorrows of that lovely penitent, and there is much skill in the disposition of the other figures: particularly of the groupes placed in the back-ground, which represents the field of battle beneath the rampart, that Helen and the King are placed upon. Perhaps the most objectionable part of the picture is the figure of King Priam: whose countenance has a disagreeably haggard expression, and whose beard and hair look like some flaky monstrosity belonging to an old enchanter, rather than like the venerably descending silver of a King's ringlets. There is a remarkably good effect produced by a light that shadows a part of the faces of Helen's two attendants: ladies who seem imprudent in going into public with so great a beauty as Helen, since in any other company they must certainly pass for first-rate belles themselves.

133. *Portrait of the Hon. Lady Hood.*—T. LAWRENCE, R. A.

Here again we have occasion to lament a powerful pencil employed on so subordinate a pursuit as portrait painting. Perhaps, indeed, there is no painter of the present day who has produced so many fine portraits as Mr. Lawrence: but they are the only proofs how much more nobly exertion might have been directed, the memorials of industry wasted, and the monuments of genius misemployed. We do not blame the artist: for portrait painting is the fashion, and that which is marketable, is alone attended with profit: but we speak "in sor-" row" if not "in anger."

7. *Zara deserted by Hassan, the Camel-driver.*—S. WOODFORDE, R. A.

"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not
" detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in
" vain:
"Yet, as thou goest, may every blast arise,
"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs," &c.

Collins's Second Oriental Eclogue.

When we contemplate this charming picture, we hardly think it possible to say enough in its praise. And yet, when we begin to put our praise on paper, we find ourselves totally at a loss for terms that may properly convey the ideas that we entertain of it. There is an old fable of an artist who painted the picture of an ideal beauty, and rendered it so exquisitely fascinating, that he fell in love with it himself. If

this has not been Mr. Woodford's fate, his fortune, rather than his discretion, is to be praised: for we cannot think it prudent in any man of susceptible feelings, to trust himself in company with such a picture. The figure of Zara is resting on a bank: her head is supported by her hand: and when we considered her beauty, her gracefulness, the sweetness of her expression, and the thousand nameless charms that conspire in all the beaming softness of fascination to enrapture the beholder, we could not help wondering what materials could have constituted the frame of that "youth," whom such a creature's "sighs could not detain." But we must drop this subject, lest we be accused of too zealous a Catholicism, and saddled with disqualifications, for the worship of pictures.

107. *The Angels appearing to the Shepherds.* J. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

"And suddenly there was with the Angel a "multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, "saying, glory to God in the highest, and on "earth peace, good will towards men."—*St. Luke, chap.* ii. *v.* 13, 14.

The shepherds are represented on an eminence, and above them is a large assortment of cherubs, seraphs, and other personages not uncommon in these paintings. But without pretending to any very unseasonable strictness of piety, we really do not think such an event as this a fit subject for the ridicule of a painter's pencil. This picture, nevertheless, is a dreadfully broad burlesque. Let us hope that the painter did not mean to expose the subject to ridicule; then we shall say that he has only exposed himself to ridicule. This he has certainly a right to do, for he is his own property; but we are very sorry to see him exercising that right. The general effect of this picture can be compared to nothing so properly as to the blue kind of vapour that boys produce by squeezing orange-peel into a candle. It is usual for painters to hire some person to sit to them as a model of attitude for the principal figure. There is a woman who has a pretty general employment among the academicians, and who sitting to one of them the other day, apologized for not having come sooner, by pleading the necessity of fulfilling an engagement to Mr. Northcote. She had been sitting to him for the figures of this very picture.—"Well," said the Royal Academician to whom she now came, "and what is Mr. Northcote "painting?" "Sir," said she, "I believe he "is painting a shipwreck, for there seems to "be quite a storm in the air, and there are "some people on a high place, that look as "if they were just landed from the sea."

Indeed, the truth is, that the ground in Mr. Northcote's picture is as much like water as like land.

20. *Maternal Affection.*—A. J. OLIVER, A.

"Who sate and watch'd my infant head,
"When sleeping on my cradl'd bed?
"My Mother."

The ballad, or ditty, of which these lines constitute a part, is in the mouths of all the nurses and babies in the kingdom: and a poem better adapted for such a class of admirers has probably never existed. Yet out of this miserably namby-pamby piece of poetic pap, Mr. Oliver has contrived to gather ideas for a very interesting picture. A child is sleeping in its cradle, and the mother leans over it, to watch its slumbers. The simplicity of that subject is consistently treated in every particular of the execution. There is nothing gaudy or obtrusive; the whole production has an air of chaste softness exceedingly praiseworthy in general, and most particularly in a picture on so simple a theme.

67. *Cardinal Beaufort terrified by the supposed Apparition of Gloucester.* H. FUSELI, R. A.

"He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them,
"Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands
"upright!"
Second Part of Henry VI. Act 3. *Scene* 3.

Time, that softens down the wildnesses of other people's fancy, has not tamed the flashy madness of Mr. Fuseli's imagination. He still endeavours to delight by disgusting, and win his way to admiration through dislike. But Mr. Fuseli's genius is rather bold than commanding: we are rather inclined to stare at his temerity than admire his firmness. The first emotion that is felt by half the spectators who view such works as this picture of Cardinal Beaufort, is ridicule. One sees a great number of people throwing themselves into attitudes that were never beheld, except in the exhibitions of pantomimic clowns, and making faces that could have been invented only by those ambitious pursuers of renown, the wits, who, at country fairs, were in the habit of grinning through horse-collars for a prize—"He hath no eyes," says Cardinal Beaufort, speaking of the supposed apparition. And Mr. Fuseli seems determined that the Cardinal should have no eyes neither; for his reverence's left eye is already out of the socket. These things are not expression, but caricature.

71. *Lavinia.* M. A. SHEE, R. A.

Mr. Shee has in this picture outdone all his former paintings. We were going to say, all his former productions; but we checked ourselves in this particular, because we recollect some of his productions which we do not think likely to be ever excelled by his paintings. Those productions are his Rhymes on Art. Perhaps it is unfortunate for Mr. Shee's professional abilities, that he has written so well: if he had been a less excellent poet, he might have been thought a better painter; but as it is, he has beaten his own reputation. However, in this picture of Lavinia, there is certainly a great deal of merit. The attitude of the figure is natural and simple, and the face and neck are particularly well coloured.

53. *Portrait of Miss Phibbs.*—Miss M. MASKALL.

" For the Hebe of old no Briton need sigh,
" When Hebe like this, his own isle can
" supply;
" When good-nature and health such enchant-
" ments command,
" As to nectar might turn every well in the
" land."

Nothing would have induced us to bestow a notice on this picture, but the verses which accompany its description in the catalogue. Whether the painting or the poetry be less good, is a question of great nicety, and one which we have not time at present to determine.—Meanwhile we not only dislike the poetry, but deny the sentiment. We have not the happiness of Miss Phibbs's acquaintance, but we must beg leave to protest, that if she be not handsomer than her water-carrying portrait in this picture, it is by no means fair to interdict a desire of other beauties. If all the ladies in our island were like this portrait, no man could be called unreasonable, who, in spite of the enchantments of health and good-humour, should take a trip to some foreign land for his Hebes. We beg to be understood as meaning no affront to Miss Phibbs.

276. *The action between the Windsor Castle packet, of 150 tons, and 28 men, commanded by Captain Rogers, and Le Jeune Richard, French privateer, of 250 tons, and 92 men.*—S. DRUMMOND.

This gallant action is represented on the Frenchman's deck; the point of view is from his starboard main rigging; and the time, when the brave Captain, followed by five men, has just boarded, and is in the act of shooting the French boatswain. The two masts and forecastle belong to the packet, and the circular wood-work where the Captain steps, is the platform on which the great gun travels.

This picture has many and striking merits. With naval objects our eye is not sufficiently acquainted to determine exactly whether they be accurately represented; but the feeling of the picture, we are sure, is excellent and true. Pictures on these subjects, for the most part, give an unnatural inflation and false importance to their principal characters, which is in every way offensive and disgusting: but Mr. Drummond, with praiseworthy pains, has avoided this error, and produced a sort of simple unaffected grandeur, which is not the less valuable for being unusual. Every figure wears its proper expression, and notwithstanding a monotony of colouring that will be owned to pervade the picture, it must be confessed to be a very striking and effective production. The same artist has a portrait of Messrs. Knyvetts, which is unfortunate only in the obscurity of its situation.

122. *Pope's Essay on Man.*—T. STOTHARD, R. A.

" Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
" Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
" Some livelier plaything gives his youth de-
" light,
" A little louder, but as empty quite:
" Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
" And beads and prayer-books are the toys of
" age;
" Pleas'd with this bauble still as that before,
" Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is
" o'er."

All these different representations of man, Mr. Stothard has introduced into one picture. Now it appears to us, that the merit of the lines that form the motto, consists in the melancholy force, with which the same being is described as pursuing trifles from his infancy even to his grave: in the lamentable accuracy with which the poet has shewn, that increase of years seldom brings increase of practical wisdom. But the moment the different employments that have occupied the same being, at the different periods of his existence, are distributed among several individuals for the sake of assemblage in a single picture, the spirit of the poetry is lost. For to see an old man in one corner playing with beads, and infants in another corner amusing themselves with their gewgaws, conveys no moral lesson to the mind:

such a representation does not substantiate that doctrine, on which the feeling of the passage depends, the doctrine of uniform error from childhood to dotage: since one does not know that the child at maturer years may not follow laudable and unperishable good, nor that the dotard in his more vigorous days may not have been a being of real wisdom. The subject does not seem to us to be at all a fit subject for the exercise of the pencil: for as far as painting surpasses poetry, in the powers of description, so far does poetry surpass painting in its didactic and philosophical capabilities.

141. *Portrait of Mr. Lowten.*—T. PHILLIPS, R. A. *elect.*

This portrait of a gentleman universally known, is likely to be exceedingly serviceable to Mr. Phillips. It has perhaps a degree of dryness and hardness in its general effect; but it has faithfully preserved the likeness of the features, and, which is still more important, has caught the true spirit and character of the countenance. Mr. Lowten is represented standing in the hall of the Honourable society of the Inner Temple, of which he has for very many years been a most distinguished member.

116. *The unpaid Bill, or the Doctor reproving his Son's Prodigality.*—J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

Mr. Turner has not been quite so fortunate in this picture as in some of his former productions. The lights here are ingeniously managed; and artists acknowledge the excellence of this picture, but there is an air of indistinctness over the whole work, which prevents an unskilled spectator from receiving any pleasure in the contemplation of it.

118. *His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge: for the Committee-room of the Asylum.*—SIR W. BEECHEY, R. A.

The likeness is exceedingly striking: the general effect is agreeable; and the picture altogether detracts nothing from the high reputation of Sir William Beechey.

120. *Card-players.*—D. WILKIE.

It is the misfortune of eminent ability to be injured almost as often by the exorbitant panegyrics of its admirers, as by the invidious sneers of its defamers. Mr. Wilkie is a remarkable instance of the mischief that a reputation may suffer from too vast a praise. The ignorant public have been so eager to adore what they might as well have contented themselves with admiring, that those who understood the art of painting, and knew something about the comparative value and legitimate rank of the different exertions of able men in all branches of the liberal professions, have been irritated by the unjust adulation lavished on Mr. Wilkie, and have hastened to fix the precise standard of his powers with a degree of accuracy, to which, but for such unfortunate commendations, they would probably have never thought it necessary to resort. A great man is always more likely to succeed while his reputation rests upon *what it may be*, than when criticism has determined exactly *what it is*. If the Lay of the Last Minstrel, which is a *beautiful* poem, had never been extolled to the glory of a *magnificent* poem, the critics would probably never have taken the pains to substantiate a fact which they have now been provoked to prove, that the genius of the poet who composed it, is not a genius of the first rate order. The case occurs perpetually.

We will describe the picture, and then give our opinion on the species of ability evinced by the artist.

Four men, of the lower class of rustics, are here represented playing at cards. The figure on the left triumphantly points out to his partner the trick which they are just gaining; and that partner is employed in shewing to a looker on, who leans on the back of the chair, the conquering cards that he has still in his hand. The card-player, whose front face is exposed to the spectator, expresses his mortification with coolness, while the gambler, who is visible only in the back front, scratches his head with every symptom of disappointment and displeasure. Near the table stands a woman, probably the landlord's wife, with a child in her arms stretching out its hands to grasp the pictured cards. The countenance of the child is animated and eager: the calmness of the woman's face makes it evident that she cannot be the wife of any of the gamblers. At the left there is a dog asleep. Every corner of the picture is crowded with little utensils of furniture, which give an air of reality to the apartment. The utmost care appears to have been bestowed upon the mechanical part of the work, and perhaps it is impossible for so small a painting to be more highly finished. The accuracy with which the furniture is described is very curious; but the clothes, we can hardly say the drapery, are expressed with a smooth and glazed stiffness by no means agreeable nor natural. With this single exception, the artist appears

to have admirably succeeded in every effect that he intended to express, whether in the animated or the inanimate figures of his picture.

Having said thus much, we are not inclined to let our admiration carry us from the work to the workman, or to give the name of genius to the talent which is here displayed. We think that the word genius is in these times employed on too many occasions. Every thing that at all projects from the level of ordinary ability is now denominated genius; and that sacred and awful title, which once was associated only with the names of poets, philosophers, politicians, warriors, and artists, who had produced some glorious effort, either of sublimity or of beauty, is now extended to every body that can invent something which his neighbours have not thought of. We perhaps may be particular in our notions of genius; but we own that we are not inclined to call any thing by the title of genius, unless it have not only originality, but also either sublimity or beauty. Now nobody will tell us that Mr. Wilkie's style of painting is sublime or beautiful. There is nothing sublime in an earthenware mug, and nothing beautiful in a gambling clown. We allow that his figures have expression, but it surely is expression of the lowest class: and as to his representations of inanimate objects, even if they were executed as well as the ancient painting of grapes which allured the birds to peck, we should not call them works of genius. It is the delineation of mind, not of matter, that must give the reputation of genius to the painter or the poet. We have no hesitation in declaring that we think Mr. Wilkie's style more elevated than that of the Dutch painters, because his works, in the human figures, have some mind, though of an humble sort; but they are very far from any thing like genius. We will allow to Mr. Wilkie the praise of a most acute and accurate observation, of talent, cleverness, humour, strength: but we see in his works none of that fine feeling, without which no man ever yet gained, with good judges, the reputation of real genius. Genius does not shew its head every other day in this manner. Posterity are the best judges of it; for cotemporaries are almost always too prone toward envy or adulation, to fix the real rate of any body's merit.

The Minstrel on his Journey to the Mansion of the Duchess of Buccleugh and Moumouth.—S. WOODFORDE, R. A.

"The way was long, the wind was cold:
"The minstrel was infirm and old:
"His wither'd cheek and tresses gray,
"Seem'd to have known a better day:
"His harp, his sole remaining joy,
"Was carried by an orphan boy."

Lay of the last Minstrel, by W. Scott, Esq.

In this picture, we are inclined to say that there is some genius, not indeed the highest genius, not the genius of sublimity, nor even of perfect beauty, but certainly a genius of much beauty. There is a fine feeling in the whole conception of the piece, and particularly a glow upon the face of the young poet, the orphan attendant of the minstrel, that certainly gives evidence of genius in the artist. To the figure of the Minstrel itself, we cannot give very high panegyric; for there is perhaps as much too great a force of expression in his countenance and attitude, painted by Mr. Woodforde, as there is too little character in the description written by Mr. Scott; Mr. Scott's Minstrel is not in these lines distinguished from any other old man: Mr. Woodforde's Minstrel is like an old man under the inspiration of the second sight. But the whole picture gives us a very high opinion of the artist's ability, and we shall be most happy if we see the beams of genius, which shine partially through this picture, rising to that bright and steady lustre, which shall not only cause its own brilliancy to be admired, but shed a light through the surrounding atmosphere of art.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS:

In continuation of the Poem left unfinished by Dr. BEATTIE. Book the third.

Among the literary evils of the present age, (and every age has its evils, literary as well as moral and political) perhaps there is none more grievously to be lamented, than the universality of the scribbling mania. When literature was exceedingly dear, as it must always have been before the invention of printing, a bad or middling poet, to obtain any circulation, must have been a man of fortune large enough to pay the expences of many manuscript copies. But now, printing renders the diffusion of all kinds of nonsense cheap and commodious; and the artifices of advertisements, paragraphs, hand-bills, and reviews, may spread to a certain extent almost any publication, of almost any writer. Of the positively bad or comparatively middling authors who now crowd our press, some write for money, and others for fame. Both classes are equally deserving of severe reprehension.

The distribution of the rewards or profits, in proportion to the failures, of every profession, is exactly analogous to the distribution of prizes and blanks in a lottery. Where many take something, none can have much; and as in lotteries, there is always an unpopularity attached to a scheme which contains many small rewards, but few capital prizes, so that profession must always be considered disagreeable, in which no person can hope to make a meal, bacause every body will have a morsel. This argument of analogy we would employ against the people who write for money. Perhaps in this country there is at this moment as much money paid for literature, as would give really adequate rewards to the few persons who are really eminent: but so many competitors are engaging in the contest, so many persons, totally destitute either of genius or of information, are constantly generating trash, and, by connexion, or influence, or the ignorance of publishers, obtaining a vent for that trash, that no money is left for the payment of those who really deserve to be paid. If five hundred poetical works, for instance, are published in the course of the year, there certainly are not five of them which rise above mediocrity, even if they reach that standard: and mere mediocrity is not worth paper and printing, much less worth payment. But if all the sums that are expended upon the paper, and the printing, and the payment of the four hundred and ninety-five bad works, were bestowed upon the five good ones, then those five would be paid as they deserve, and the public and the authors would both be more justly treated. Will it be said that the four hundred and ninety-five authors ought not to be left totally unrewarded? We answer that they *ought* to be left totally unrewarded. A luxury, if it be had at all, should be had of the best. Poetry is not among the necessaries of life: like all other luxuries, it should be of the finest possible kind, or it becomes a nuisance instead of a luxury. What we want to know, may be conveyed in plain prose. A simple clothing is sufficient for the wants of nature; but if we must be adorned, let us adorn ourselves with real jewels, not bedizen ourselves with gewgaws, like chimney sweepers on May-day. Would any man in his senses stick yellow foil in his bosom? Why then will any man allow himself to endure bad poetry? Why is bad poetry thought worthy of reward? Perhaps it will be said that poverty is an excuse. We deny it. If a man be poor, let him work: but let him not trespass upon the provinces of other men, and setting up for a poet when he has no genius for the occupation, deprive those who have genius of the rewards which they would otherwise gain. Some

persons may hastily answer, that the booksellers and other publishers could never afford to pay the large prices that might be left for good authors by the secession of bad ones, because the circulation, even of the best works, scarcely ever exceeds three or four thousand. And why does it never exceed that number? Are there only three or four thousand readers in Great Britain? Yes, yes; but no man can afford to expend more than a certain sum in literature; and if from one circumstance or another he be tempted, or persuaded, or influenced, to buy what is bad, he will seldom have enough left to purchase what is good. But if there were no bad works, he must equally satisfy his appetite for reading, and he would then satisfy it with some degree of propriety. The circulation of good writings would be infinitely increased, and the increase of reward would make it better worth the while of men of genius to keep their works by them, and polish, and retouch.

Nor do these arguments apply merely to the question of money: they are equally strong in reference to fame. For since on the foregoing hypothesis good authors would be more read, if there were no bad ones, of course their fame would become more general from the absence of the petty reputations that now impede them, and shut out their influence. But a country like Great Britain, where ten thousand silly people have reputations, is as ridiculous in literature as Egypt was in religion, when alligators, monkeys, and onions were her Gods.

Now we object, not only to poets positively bad, but to poets comparatively middling. We have high and ancient authority with us, which among many people goes further than reason—for Horace, in his Art of Poetry, roundly asserts,

Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

The concessions of modern times have unfortunately been more relaxed: but though circumstances have occurred which have softened the severity of these prohibitions, yet the principle remains the same, for all principles must remain the same in all ages and in all countries. Amid all the fluctuations of circumstance, that which, independently of circumstance, was originally right or wrong, must continue to be right or wrong as at first, even to the very termination of time.

It has therefore become a duty of those who undertake the office of Reviewers, and who of course are bound to guide themselves by principle and not by circumstance, to discountenance every attempt that is made by writers not strictly qualified for their office. We are the stewards of the public; and it must be generally thought as improper in us to admit within the pale of public favour those authors who have no right to enter, as it would be for the director at a masquerade to let in visitors without tickets, to the annoyance, to the discomfiture, and perhaps to the absolute exclusion of the guests who had been regularly qualified.

Professing these principles, we shall not attempt to encourage the author of the work now before us to proceed in his poetical pursuits. We are not aware that this continuation of Dr. Beattie's *Minstrel* possesses any violent defects, except that most insurmountable of all defects, the want of beauties.

The poem commences with a lamentation for the mortality of those we love; a lamentation occasioned by the concluding stanzas of the second Canto of Dr. Beattie's original work. Then follow some consolatory observations about a world to come: and we are shortly informed that the father of young Edwin, the Minstrel, is dead. The young shepherd visits his father's grave; he sleeps, and his dream is described. He is by nature and habit melancholy, and poetically inclined; and he often plays to the peasants. As years pass away, he takes a friendship for a lad named Malcolm. One night, as Edwin strays along the shore, a bark approaches, and two warriors come to land. One of them informs him that he is a Scot, who has fled from Edward's pursuit. Edwin encourages him by some sympathetic conversation, and the stranger, rising, commits himself to the Minstrel's guidance. Here this continuation concludes: the au-

thor having declared in his preface that "he offers his poem in its present unfinished state, not as a pledge for its completion, but that he may find, in the manner of its reception, a touchstone by which to ascertain its real merit, and judge whether it will be expedient for him to pursue his design any further, or to relinquish it altogether."

We, as members of that public by whose decision the author avows himself determined to abide, do most earnestly advise him "*to relinquish*" his design "*altogether*." He appears to be a gentleman of an elegant turn of thinking, and evidently possesses considerable powers of versification: but a critic, like a jury, must look at the "*quo animo*," though, in another sense of the phrase, versification is but the "outward flourish" of poetry: a good education and a musical ear will bestow that: but the *animus*, the mind or soul of poetry, is possessed only by a few, and we fear that this author is not among the number. A faultless mediocrity is the characteristic of the poem: and he who begins by doing that very neatly, which when it is done, is of no estimation, is not so likely to make a figure at last, as he who blots great beauties with great faults, and trusts to his merits for the forgiveness of his defects. Such authors as abound with great faults, and so thrust their beauties into unworthy company, deserve, indeed, to be most severely reprehended by the critic, because it is evident that they want only industry: while no reviewer needs treat with harshness the author who has nothing to disgust. All that the guardians of public taste have to do with the latter class of authors, is to prevent them from associating themselves with men of genius, and, by negative, not positive proofs, to shew their inadequacy for a task so difficult as poetical writing.

The *Minstrel* of Dr. Beattie is a poem which, while it contains a good deal of dull and common-place remark, and many philosophical disquisitions totally uncongenial with the characters of the interlocutors, into whose mouths they were put by the poet, has also many descriptive passages, of a sweetness, and sometimes of a splendour, that few of the most eminent writers have surpassed. The greatest defect of that poem, which is the tedious dialogue, has been avoided by the author of this continuation: but in avoiding the heavy matter of his prototype, the imitator has missed his bursts of fancy.

In order to enable our readers to judge what the present Minstrel is, it is necessary to remind them of what the former Minstrel was: we shall therefore insert two or three passages from Dr. Beattie's work, by which it will be easy to see that the continuation of it required abilities of no middling description. Speaking of Edwin, Dr. Beattie has said:

"Lo, where the stripling, wrapt in wonder,
"roves
"Beneath the precipice, o'er-hung with
"pine;
"And sees on high, amidst th' encircling groves
"From cliff to cliff the foaming torrent
"shine:
"While waters, woods, and winds in concert
"join,
"And echo swells the chorus to the skies.

"And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
"When o'er the sky advanced the kindling
"dawn,
"The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
"And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky
"lawn:
"Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
"Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
"And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
"And villager abroad at early toil—
But lo! the sun appears, and heaven, earth,
"ocean, smile!

"And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb
"When all in mist the world below was lost,
"What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
"Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
"And view the enormous waste of vapour,
"tost
"In billows, lengthening to the horizon
"round,
"Now scoop'd in gulphs, with mountains now
"embossed,
"And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
"Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar
"profound!"

The greatest part of Dr. Beattie's morality is stale and heavy: but the two following stanzas are remarkable exceptions:

"Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,
"When Fate, relenting, lets the flower re-
"vive?
"Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
"Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to
"live?
"Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
"With disappointment, penury, and pain?
"No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet
"arrive;
"And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
"Bright through the eternal year of Love's
"triumphant reign!

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan
"Through the dark medium of life's feverish
"dream:
"Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
"If but that little part incongruous seem;
"Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals
"deem:
"Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise,
"O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
"That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
"For thou art but of dust: be humble and
"be wise!"

We will give one more extract, as a general specimen of Dr. Beattie's powers, and then proceed to the more particular comparison of his poem, with that of his successor: it is a delineation of Edwin, when a child.

"And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
"Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant
"eye:
"Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
"Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
"Silent, when glad: affectionate, though shy:
"And now his look was most demurely sad,
"And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew
"why;
"The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd
"the lad;
"Some deem'd him wond'rous wise, and some
"believ'd him mad."

Now it is very evident that the author of the poem just published, has studied Dr. Beattie's work with great attention; but he has studied rather the work than the mind that produced that work; rather the thoughts of Dr. Beattie, than Dr. Beattie's way of thinking. He who would successfully imitate the works of many great masters, that is to say, in such a manner as to be an original master in the same style, and not a copyist of the identical productions, must make himself, as far as possible, acquainted with the progress of feeling as it went on in the minds of those whom he would imitate: and by endeavouring to seize their happy turns, and to avoid their errors, he may hope, with a good natural capability, so greatly to excel as to obtain a high reputation himself. Thus Pope, in his Essay of Criticism, after praising the strength of Denham, the sweetness of Waller, and other merits of the early poets, makes it the praise of Dryden, that he had formed his style by catching the excellences of them all, and

——— "Taught to join,
"The varying verse, the full resounding line,
"The long majestic march, and energy divine."

The same process is to be observed, on a smaller scale, by him who would become the successful imitator of any one master. To imitate defects designedly, is to be a caricaturist, or a servile copyist, and not a legitimate imitator: and in the only kind of imitation which is at all allowable in poetry, namely, the imitation of a poet's feeling undertaken to continue a poet's unfinished work, the preservation of defects deserves no sort of praise. The author of this work has seen what he ought to avoid, and avoided it accordingly: but we repeat that, though he knew what to avoid, he does not seem to have known what he ought to have done. We conceive that he ought to have analysed the genius of Dr. Beattie, and considered not only what were the causes of his failures, but what were the causes of his successful passages. As it is, he has been content to imitate the successful passages, by treating the same subjects, while he ought to have produced other successful passages, by treating different subjects in the way in which it may be supposed that Dr. Beattie would have treated them, if he had lived. We will give an instance of this mistake.

Dr. Beattie has made Edwin stretch himself to sleep in his rambles, and given us a description of the Minstrel's dream:

" Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
" Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
" To haunted stream, remote from man, he
" hied,
" Where fays of yore their revels wont to
" keep:
" And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
" A vision brought to his intranced sight:
" And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan
" creep
" Shrill to his ringing ears: then tapers
" bright,
" With instantaneous gleam illumed the vault
" of night.

" Anon, in view a portals blazon'd arch
" Arose: the trumpet bids the valves unfold,
" And forth an host of little warriors march,
" Grasping the diamond lance and targe of
" gold:
" Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
" And green their helms, and green their silk
" attire;
" And here and there, right venerably old,
" The long-robed minstrels wake the warb-
" ling wire,
" And some with mellow breath the martial
" pipe inspire.

" With merriment, and song, and timbrels
" clear,
" A troop of dames from myrtle bowers
" advance:
" The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
" And loud enlivening strains provoke the
" dance.
" They meet, they dart away, they wheel
" askance,
" To right and left they tread the flying
" maze:
" Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
" glance
" Rapid along: with many coloured rays
" Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
" blaze.
" The dream is fled!"

Now the author of the continuation should have considered, that if Dr. Beattie had himself completed the poem, he would hardly have treated the same subject twice: but in this continuation we find Edwin taken out, and falling asleep, and dreaming, and dreaming too of præter-natural beings, and all for nothing. We subjoin the lines:

" And now sweet sleep his weary eyelids
" press'd,
" As stretch'd he lay the flowery grave be-
" side:
" No hideous dreams disturb his balmy rest;
" But o'er his head strange music seems to
" glide,
" Mix'd with the murmurs of the distant tide;
" Such strains as might to Heav'n itself
" aspire,
" Purer than aught to earthly sounds allied,
" Wild as the breathings of the Æolian lyre,
" Full as the organ's swell, and loud responsive
" choir.

" Raptured, he cast around his wondering
" sight,
" And saw, far stretching o'er th' Atlantic
" main,
" An airy cloud, with silver radiance bright,
" Which half involv'd the spangled azure
" plain:
" There, clad in robes of mist, a shadowy train
" Of spirits seem'd their mighty watch to
" keep:
" There stood the honour'd chief, the humble
" swain,
" And there the hoary bard appear'd to
" sweep
" His harp, whose solemn notes soft floated o'er
" the deep.

" ' O'er him, whose fate, O pious youth, you
" ' grieve,
" ' No longer mourn, aerial voices cried,
" ' That yet he lives, and lives most blest, be-
" ' lieve,
" And that, no more to earthly dross allied,
" ' His pure celestial soul is still thy guide."
" He gaz'd, and saw enthroned among the
" rest
" His much-lov'd Sire. And now the ocean-tide
" Was in the morning's loveliest colours
" drest,
" And all the vision died into the kindling west.
" Edwin awoke."

We cannot help here calling to mind a passage of *The Guardian*, where the witty essayist observes, that a pastoral is in general a dialogue, in which one person laments the death of some dear friend: upon this the other interlocutor asserts, that the subject of the lamentation is not dead, but alive and merry, and points to a track of light in the skies to confirm what he says. Thus he consoles the mourner: then invites him to chesnuts and cheese. In order to bring the foregoing lines within this definition of a pastoral, nothing is wanting

except the chesnuts and the cheese. We must observe, as we go, that to "mourn "o'er him whose fate you grieve," is not good English. The author, if he wished for such an expression at all, might have said,

"Him, o'er whose fate, O pious youth you
"grieve,
"No longer mourn:"

for to mourn is an active as well as a neuter verb: but the verb to grieve requires the preposition. It is unnecessary for us to show, at any length, how far inferior this imitated dream is generally to the dream in the original. Dr. Beattie's lines convey ideas brilliant, distinct, animated, and in every way poetical. The lines of the copyist present no clear picture to the eye: but a mass of people in a cloud, all idle except a bard who is sweeping notes on his harp. This apparition has an indistinctness for the reader, probably because it was not a distinct idea in the brain of the writer.

Dr. Beattie calls the sea a waste of vapour, *embossed* with mountains. The epithet has evidently struck the fancy of his imitator, and he gives it to us in a passage which, though it is not very apposite to the business of the poem, yet certainly approaches more nearly than any other to the vigour of poetry:

"Of Fingal, victor in the bloody field
"O'er prostrate tribes of Erin's faithless
"coast;
"Or dreadful blazing with his sun-like shield,
"An angry meteor through th' affrighted
"host:
"Or half beheld and half in shadows lost,
"Sailing in mist above the towering head
"Of some gigantic hill with clouds emboss'd,
"Encircled by the spirits of the dead,
"Who walk the moonlight maze, or in the
"tempest tread!"

The last line appears to have been suggested by Dr. Beattie's

——"Hags that quench the moon in blood,
"Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infu-
"riate flood."

In some places we trace imitations of other authors, as in the following stanza, on the death of Edwin's father:

"No more upon the mountain's craggy steep
"His flocks bleat, answering the well-known
"horn:
"On the wild cliff that overhangs the deep,
"No more he hails the glad approach of
"morn:
"No more, as eve, on dusky pinions borne,
"Recalls his fleecy wanderers to their fold,
"His tender Phœbe welcomes his return,
"Nor on the hearth the blazing faggots roll'd
"Drive from his hardy limbs the nipping win-
"ter's cold."

Every body must surely be here reminded of the pathetic lines in Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard:

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall
"burn,
"Nor busy housewife ply her evening care:
"No children run to lisp their sire's return,
"Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to
"share."

He who has read (and who has not read?) the Penseroso of Milton, must well know these lines:

"And if aught else great bards beside
"In sage and solemn tunes have sung
"Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
"Of forests and enchantments drear,
"Where more is meant than meets the ear."

And these lines will strongly present themselves to the mind, in the perusal of three lines of the work now before us:

"Full to their view he brought each fabled
"scene
"Of war or peace, the banquet or the bier,
"And hardy deeds of arms, and sorceries dark
"and drear."

In another place the idea of two lines seems to have been taken from Mr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. Our author writes:

"Of Morna, looking for her lord's return,
"Her lovely hunter, who returns no more."

Lady Randolph says:

"Ye dames of Denmark, e'en for you I mourn,
"Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
"Long look for lords, that never must return!"

Before we conclude our observations on this poem, we will insert one stanza which has a good deal of positive merit:

" And now the " subtle thief of youth" has
" borne
" Whole years of life away on silent wing,
" Mingling the riper grace by summer worn,
" With the fair bloom of Edwin's vigorous
" spring.
" Now o'er his tuneful harp's responsive
" string
" With nervous firmness sweeps his manly
" hand:
" Years o'er his cheek their mellowing sha-
" dows fling:
" His modest grandeur and demeanour bland
" Bespeak him form'd alike for love and high
" command."

An author who can produce lines so elegant as these, does well to exercise his own mind in composition, and perhaps may be justly permitted to shine in manuscript among his friends. But no man should publish, unless he possess something more than elegance. If every body who is capable of writing elegantly, were to publish his works, one-fifth of the well-bred men of the kingdom would be authors in print. We wish that class to content themselves with reading. They have a good deal of taste, and they are the fit persons to be addressed by men of genius and fancy. If they will content themselves with the rank of Satellites, they will be deservedly applauded by the judicious, and sufficiently admired by the multitude: but if they will set up for suns, they must expect to meet the fate of Lucifer.

THE MAN OF SORROW:

A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES. BY ALFRED ALLENDALE, ESQ.

" It is wonderful—but naked hooks are comical things!"—*Man of Sorrow, Vol.* III. *p.* 191.

IT having been whispered to us, that this novel was written by a man of genius, who, for some reason or other, perhaps the fear of retaliation from the lash of offended critics, had resolved to conceal his real name beneath that inscribed on the title, our curiosity was powerfully awakened, and we resolved to try whether the style of the work would not reveal its author. The dedication " to the prettiest girl in Eng-" land," though written with the intention of being pointed, was too unmeaning to elucidate the mystery; and we therefore proceeded with the beginning of the novel itself. Scarcely had we reached the end of the first chapter, when a bastard pun, under the shape of the following beautiful antithesis: " So *satisfied* was he of " the fact, that he retired to rest in a " complete state of *dissatisfaction*," threw a sudden flash of light upon the subject, which served only to make darkness visible. It bore so much resemblance to the witticisms with which a certain publication, abounds, that we immediately fancied it could claim no other parent than one of its editors. But this literary cerberus, like that of the fable, has three heads, and to find out from which of these the preceding sentence sprang, was next to an impossibility. Our friends were of opinion it proceeded from the united genius of the three, and thought it an unequalled specimen of their talents, but we resolved not to form such a premature judgment, and fairly went on with our perusal. A tolerably well written description of a fete, at a nobleman's country seat, strengthened our doubts, as we had never heard any of the above-mentioned gentlemen were able to write so well, they having continually, with a prudent timidity, held their souls captive, and concealed their powers. A few strange expressions which we will notice more fully in another part, increased our perplexity, as it was clear they did not belong to the style of any author or translator who had yet appeared. Strong hints to prove elopements lawful, widened the field of conjecture, as they might have been ascribed to any of the immoral writers of the day.

A note fraught with obscene meaning augmented our indecision; a silly account of a girl, who, after running away *with* a young man to get married, ran away *from* him to secure her purpose, was much in favour of our first idea; but the very interesting scenes that ensue, until the duel in which the hero kills his rival, seemed to give it the lie most flatly. A short passage replete with feeling and simplicity, in which the seduction of unexperienced innocence is described in language that speaks forcibly to the heart, had almost overthrown all our former suppositions, when a crowd of latin quotations in verse and prose (so well placed in a novel dedicated to a lady) attended by others from the French, the Italian, and the Greek, planted in our breast the instant conviction, that a boy just freed from the discipline of the school, and his mind overloaded with ill-digested scraps of various languages, had discharged its contents into the pages we were perusing. The rapturous praises bestowed on kisses, on the charms of girls, &c. &c. which immediately followed, and which are thickly strewed over the leaves of the three volumes, supported this opinion, as they were sure symptoms of that disorder which attacks boys on their approaches towards youth, and is dignified by the vulgar with the appellation of *calf-love*. Having therefore settled the important point, it only remained to be seen how far it might be reconciled with our first surmises. The three heads of the literary cerberus, we mentioned, differ in age, shape, and employment. The first seems plucked from the shoulders of a gigantic alderman, its face is round, jolly, beaming with good nature when it looks at its companions, but with the rapidity of lightning, reddening with passion, whenever a stranger comes in sight. In its moments of leisure it amuses itself with howling some tragical ditties, that two years ago were nearly hissed off the stage. Of the second, for certain reasons, to say little is *best*. The third is that of an *animated* youth, full of spirit, and self-conceit; the principles of perpetual motion may be studied on its countenance; his eyes never rest but on the blushing cheeks or heaving bosoms of girls; his lips are almost always pouting for a kiss, and yet, now and then, his mouth expands into a melo-dramatic grin, or a broad farcical laugh. At other times puns and nonsense, wit, folly, satire, and music, flow so fast from his tongue, as to produce a loud and ceaseless, but indistinct murmur, greatly admired. Persuaded that the writings of a man are the portraits of his own ideas, or the features of his own mind made visible, we compared the novel we held with the picture last drawn, and found such a similarity between them, as a stranger can easily discover between a parent and his child. Our doubts were turned to a certainty, when, on reaching page 142 of the first volume, we found the word *hook* printed in *italics*. Having sought in vain for the wit we thought it meant to point out (as it is customary with the Editors of the publication alluded to, and consequently with our author, to print in *italics* every word and sentence they conceive to be a witticism; full conscious that without that precaution, it would never be perceived by their readers) the only reason we could devise for its intruding so slily into notice, was its exact resemblance to the author's name. The only objection to this opinion was the description given us in the first Number of *The Satirist*, of this melo-dramatic hero, in which he is represented as "a mighty quick hand at a translation, "and not as an original writer." But on comparing the puns in *Tekeli*, *The Fortress*, &c. and with those, strange to say, in *The Man of Sorrow*, the likeness, notwithstanding the difference of subjects, was striking and convincing. The same partiality for escapes was even discernible, as the chief personage in the novel, finds means to leap out of his prison window, an hour before the time appointed for his execution. To the *animated* author of *Tekeli*, *Catch him who Can*, *The Fortress*, *Music Mad*, &c. we are, therefore, indebted for this uncommon performance, the merits of which we will now investigate with impartiality.

The painter who chooses for the subject of his exertions, a character distinguished

by his exploits, or his virtues, and whose deeds have long been inscribed on the page of history, confines his genius within certain bounds, which he cannot pass without offending against probability and truth, and thereby incurring the censure of the public. The portrait of a character so well known, is engraved by the hand of fame on every mind, every mind therefore is able to discover the smallest inaccuracy in the representation given by the painter, and thence arise the difficulty of his task, and the danger of his not succeeding. An author who writes the history of such a character, or illustrates one of the passions common to every human breast, stands in the same unpleasant situation. All his readers must be so well acquainted with the subject of which he treats, as to be able to weigh the justness of every opinion he delivers, and even every epithet he bestows. Undaunted by these considerations, Mr. H—, we beg his pardon, Alfred Allendale, undertook to embody sorrow in the person of his hero, Edward Musgrave, and delineate the conduct which such a man, incessantly the sport of vicissitudes, might be supposed to hold. The success of *The Man of Feeling*, undoubtedly excited his emulation; but emulation when it does not ride on the wings of genius, when it selects false wit, and affectation for its guides, can lead us only to disappointment, and must reap censure instead of praise. We fear that in the present instance, as usual, our author has mistaken his powers; and we really lament the misapplication he has made of them, as he really possesses talents, which are evidently wrongly directed by the blind partiality of his friends, who, if we may judge from the effect of their commendations shewn in his writings, must admire and applaud what to us seems most reprehensible.

As giving a sketch of the whole plan of this work, and following the various incidents as they rise before us, would be an endless, and for our readers, perhaps, a tedious task, we will only point out the passages most remarkable, either for interest, or immorality and nonsense.

Whenever an author depicts a character, we thought it was necessary he should always bring it into action with the same features with which he originally, and out of his own free will, had endowed it, however different the light in which circumstances might place it. But we were deceived, Mr. Allendale has, by his example, and who will not imitate it? taught us a different lesson. He first represents Mrs. Vincent as neither a gentlewoman in birth nor manners, at least we gathered as much from the account of her life, and the following elegant speech which she delivers when her daughter refuses the offers of a *mahe ony man of fashion*: "Never?—not accept Mr. "Savage!—why what do you mean, has "he not legs and arms, and a head, and "every thing a man should have? and what "in the devil's name do you want? has he "not a fortune; is he not cousin to a "countess; can't he keep you a carriage; "can't he introduce you every where; "what is it you look for? but I know "what it is, you have some other attach-"ment, you have you jade, you have."—Yet afterwards he totally alters her demeanor, and shows her now as a polished lady, and a generous mother, and now as an ambitious and foolish woman, without sufficient reasons for her acting the weather-cock. The character of *The Man of Sorrow* ludicrously gives the lie to the ostentatious appellation bestowed upon him. He meets with what the author calls a series of misfortunes, thus including, among the greatest calamities, his neglecting to attend to the signal for running away a second time, which his mistress gives him by throwing a pebble at his window, and his travelling by night in the mail with a Russian bear for his companion; but he meets them as if he felt what Ossian emphatically denominates, "the joy of grief." He is the most unfortunate person in the whole book, and yet at the same time the most thoughtless and frivolous. His mistress is torn from his arms at Gretna Green, at the instant the matrimonial ceremony was celebrating; the next morning he kills his rival in a duel, and two days after we find him at a concert in London, then getting drunk with an old college friend, and suffering himself to be led to a house of bad fame, suddenly transformed into the immaculate abode of his

mistress and her mother. Shortly after, he hears they have removed to Yarmouth, and determines to follow them, in order to renew his proposals; but a young lady, a Miss Wilding, who falls in love with him the first time she sees him, makes him believe his dear Harriet Vincent is inconstant, and on the point of being married at Yarmouth, with a captain. He immediately repairs to that town, unconscious that there was another Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. On his arrival he hears the bells ringing, and on enquiry is told their joyful peals are intended to celebrate Miss Vincent's marriage. Deceived by the similitude of names, he instantly returns to London, and with a thoughtless thirst for revenge, weds Miss Wilding, and secretly exults in the resolution he has displayed. Three days after he receives a letter from Harriet, which informs him, her mother is determined to oppose no further obstacle to their union, and invites him to meet them in the Isle of Wight. The next day a reproachful epistle from the same lady arrives, which causes him to leave his wife, and hasten to explain his conduct to his offended mistress; who, with a degree of condescension, which for the honour of the sex, we hope is not general, not only forgives him, but treats him as if he were still at liberty, and in a propitious moment, when the candle is out, grants him three kisses, on which our author dwells with admiration that borders on envy. Lest he should proceed too far, he had a few lines before given his hero the following caution, which for elegance and energy of style, has seldom been equalled. "Rash, wretched "Musgrave, your passions have carried "you heaven knows where, and the sor"row of repentance is tacked to all the "others of which you are the possessor— "there she sits with her lovely blue eyes— "her fair complexion, her fine form, and "there you sit by her—*(amazing!*)*— "watching the graceful motions of her "body, as her lily hands sweep the strings "of her obedient harp—*(beautiful!* the "epithet how new)—pretty sport, indeed, "my hero—*(there's an exclamation)* re"member your wife—*(there's advice)* do "you devil—*(there's elegance)* do—you "are married, Sir—"—*(there's persuasive eloquence!)*

Whoever examines Musgrave's conduct must own, that the appellation of *The Man of Sorrow* is not justly bestowed upon him, since he feels the stings of grief only for a moment, and like a child, whose tears are the harbingers of smiles, is comforted by the smallest trifle that happens to lay in his way. *The Man of Folly* would have been a right title, but perhaps the author expected it for himself, from the gratitude of his readers, and we have no objection to gratify his laudable ambition. This mighty hero of the pen, however, cannot bear those of the sword. With all the conceited impertinence of youth, he boldly raises his voice against those of his countrymen, who have bled in unsuccessful battles, victims to the ignorance of their generals, which their cool intrepidity and undaunted valour could neither counterbalance nor remedy. Had he confined his censure to those despicable characters, who "have entered the "army because the uniform was becom"ing," we should undoubtedly have sided with him, but in the following paragraph, he asperses indiscriminately officers and soldiers, cowards and brave men, and in the vain hope of exciting a laugh, attempts to cast ridicule upon the whole of the British army. "Far be it from me, to cast "a stigma on the British army—Heaven "bless them, not I; and I hold the man, "who even mentions Holland, Buenos "Ayres, or Monte Video, before one of its "members, as a paltry sneering fellow. It "is on another score I attack, not their "courage.—Oh, no—that is a point too "trivial for discussion," &c. &c.

There is a still heavier charge, which candour compels us to bring against this author. It is that of indelicacy and immorality. Obscene meaning hid in witty *double entendre*, may sometimes please a certain class in society, and therefore may by them be excused in the conversation of a young man, whose passions, lighted with the fire of novelty, still burn with uncon-

* Vide *Satirist*, vol. I. page 73, line 12, and following.

querable ardour. But, in a work dedicated to young ladies, whose greatest charm is the purity of their soul, the innocence of their thoughts, not only to introduce gross *double entendres*, but lest their signification should remain doubtful, to explain it in notes written for the purpose, is an act which must bring dishonour upon him who has perpetrated it, and which every man who loves morality, religion, virtue and modesty, in the future partner of his existence, must reprove as vitiously flagitious. Not only frequent passages are stained with punning immorality, but the story of Musgrave's first wife is too indelicate to be laid before the eyes of female readers.—Smollett has been severely criticised for having introduced in his *Roderick Random*, the story of Miss Williams, who, though degraded also into a common prostitute, had never broken the marriage vows, or like Fanny Musgrave, committed incest with her brother; and why should a young man imitate what is most reprehensible in the works of that great writer, and hope to escape the lash of just and indignant criticism?

Before proceeding to point out what we think the best parts of this work, it is necessary we should exhaust the phial of censure, and then pursue our more agreeable task without having any occasion to display either displeasure or bitterness. The style is now the great object we must consider; it is the colour which gives life to the canvas, and without which the most beautiful drawing would appear cold and unnatural. In the novel before us, it is very unequal, sometimes so low as to create disgust: almost constantly stiff with affectation, crouded with unmeaning puns, and pompous but useless quotations, and now and then suddenly assuming the language of nature, fraught with elegance and simplicity. Imitation was undoubtedly the author's aim, but it is as difficult to steal from Sterne his magic wand, as from Hercules, his club. This attempt, instead of producing a faithful copy of a not faultless original, has frequently given birth to bombast of sentiment, and nonsensical expressions, which, united together, form a fund of very interesting information. In it we find, for instance, that all the translators of Virgil were wrong in not rendering the first line of his Bucolics into *Tityrus swooning under a tree*, as we see it marked in a quotation. It is giving rather a new acceptation to the word *recubans*, but novelty is now fashionable, and therefore must be right. But this is not even worth mentioning, in competition with the following useful piece of intelligence, that honey is produced in the sea, and drops from beds of coral!! "Sweet notes drop-"ping from her lips, like honey from a bed "of coral." We would be much obliged to Mr. Allendale, if he would in a note, as "he likes to be explicit," inform us to what class of fish the sea-bees belong, and whether they build their honey-combs in the same manner as ours do on earth, and with what materials. But as noticing all that deserves attention would be too tedious, we have made out of this work a collection of expressions which we recommend to the use of our readers, and which their industry may easily increase.

A seat beside the lady you love.—A bit of Heaven.

A fine mouth.—An exquisite bit of nature's cunning.

A knight's red ribband.—A silken river across a meadow of white dimity waistcoat.

A look.—A fair challenge by cupid.

A lady's flowing hair.—The silken chains of love scorning themselves to be enslaved, and wandering over her snowy neck and sporting on her bosom like the evening dew on the lily. (She must have white hair we suppose.)

The appointed time is come.—The *hour* is at *hand*, the *hand* is at the *hour*.

A smile from a lady's lip.—A transportation to Heaven.

A pair of black eyes.—A couple of Wedgwood's saucers.

A pair of hands.—Bunches of radishes.

Decency.—A devil of a bar to a couple of fond lovers.

Looking at your mistress's eyes.—Dangerous astronomy watching such stars.

A lady's song.—Sweet notes dropping from her lips like honey from a bed of coral.

Mr. Allendale will perhaps accuse us of too much severity in pointing out the defects of his publication, but he must acknowledge truth dwells in every one of our

remarks. Had we seen him, when he wielded the lash of satire, strike, as we now do, reluctantly, the blows which justice commanded him to inflict; had we not perceived him giddy with the elevation of the censor's seat, play the tyrant, and flay the innocent alive, we would, by sacrificing part of the impartiality which the public expect from us, have rather screened than exposed all the errors of a young author, respectable as a member of society, and certainly possessed of talents, capable, if well directed, of insuring him future fame. But we wished for once to let him feel what must be the pangs of those whose works are *unjustly* reviewed and ridiculed, by comparing their acuteness with those himself must experience, though conscious that *his* are deserved, and that his novel has met with a strictly impartial examination.

We are now come to the most pleasing task, that of pointing out beauties. The story of Mary Williams, though not entirely new, is written throughout with so much sensibility and simplicity as to awaken the most lively interest. The description of the evening fatal to her repose, and the departure of her seducer, are two charming passages, which prove how well Mr. H——k can write, when he shakes off the fetters of his unfortunate affectation of wit.

"Savage was at the appointed place before "her, and seating himself on the stile, waited "her coming—on a sudden the village bells sent "forth a merry sound—it was Mary's eighteenth birth-day, and the young men of the "village were ringing a peal to honour it. "Savage's heart beat with a sensation he could "not define, perhaps he *did* love her then—"for her triumph gave him pleasure.

"He waited till near an hour had elapsed, "when Mary came bounding over the dewy "grass, like Zephyr on the rose bud; she flew "to Savage, and with a look, which the moon "discovered, expressed her fear of having tired "his patience. She took the hand he offered—he kissed the words from her pretty "lips, and placing his arm round her waist, "commenced his congratulations of her birth "day, in the most ingenious style of flattery.

"Mary had been presiding at her father's "table—he had invited almost all the young "folks of the village to a merry making in "honour of his girl's birth-day. She had been "Mistress of the feast; and though the floor "was not chalked, though not a lord nor a "lady adorned the assembly, though no great "singer had two hundred guineas for singing a "song, hospitality cheered the scene, and "friendship ruled the feast.

"Elated with the gaiety of her little party, "and wild with love, (which Savage had in-"spired) the artless child of nature felt her "spirits high, her cheek warm, and her heart "beating. She was so happy that she did not "struggle when he held her closely to his "breast, no, she pressed his hand * * * "* * * * * * * * *

"One morning he left ** for London: she "was at the window of her humble bed-cham-"ber, the sun beamed through the newly bud-"ded foliage of an ancient tree that stood at "the cottage door, a rustic seat was formed at "its foot, it had been the shrine of industry, "the throne of bliss, where murmuring discon-"tent had never dared to whisper woe, but "where poor Mary had enjoyed so many "happy hours, that as she sat at the casement "she could not choose but weep to think on "what *she was* and what *she had been*.

"A noise roused her, she looked up, it was "Savage, the man who *loved*, who had *seduced* "*her*: the horses bore him rapidly from Mary, "she would no more behold him, no more hear "his vows, his sighs, he was leaving her—"for ever!

"He waved his hand to her as he passed, "she burst into tears, she stretched forward to "look after him, he did not see her, she "watched, the carriage turned the corner and "was out of sight.

"Would there had been no corner—he might, "perhaps, have looked again; he did not, "and she shut the casement, she had nothing "more to see, and leaving the window, she "threw her aching head upon the pillow she "had wetted with her tears."

The reflections which follow the duel between Savage and Musgrave, teem with morality expressed in strong language.—The portrait of Sir Joseph Jonquil is well drawn and very like. The remarks on the female trade to the East Indies are excellent and just. The description of Lady Rosemore's party possesses spirit and truth; the anecdotes relating to Lord Glenston, if not founded on fact, are too pointed. Part of the picture of the *animated* girl is entitled to applause. The character of Miss Vin-

cent is by far the most amiable in the whole work, and tolerably well supported throughout. The reflections on drinking are good; the party at Sir Joseph Jonquil's, where Musgrave is desired to read a satirical ode of his, whilst all the great personages whom it was meant to censure were present, and the description of the effects the perusal produced upon them, forms perhaps the most striking scene, in which genuine humour is joined with imagination. The remarks on drunkenness are entitled to the highest praise, and the catastrophe which closes the novel is equally unexpected, affecting, and free from affectation and puns. From that scene we will take our last extract.

"Oh, if any of my readers be in love, and "when they read this line, think of the "being they adore, and then consider that in "one short minute that being, like Harriet "Vincent, may be shrouded in death, how "will they feel for poor Musgrave, who sooner "or later must know of his irreparable loss!

"Could you gentle peruser of his fate—could "you bear it? could you see the dear object of "your affection stretched on the bier, and yet "remain possessed of all your senses?—could "you see the lips which had moved in your "praise, closed—the eyes that had sparkled in "your presence, dull—the heart that had beat "for you, still—and not go mad?

"Consider—not for worlds, could one word "in answer to your prayers pass those lips! "—not a syllable!—and all your lamentations, "all your entreaties could not induce one "smile!—touch it—it feels you not;—gaze on "it,—it sees you not;—and yet one short hour "before, that inanimate piece of earth would "have bounded to meet you, and have pressed "you to its breast!"

Purified from all the indelicacies, unmeaning puns, affected expressions, and palpable imitations which it contains, we have no doubt but this work would gratify the taste of every class of readers. In its present state, however, we think no father would see it in the hands of his daughter, and, to imitate the language of its author, no sincere lover in those of his mistress.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN, AND OTHER POEMS,

BY MRS. OPIE.

THE comparative rank of the two sexes, in every branch of intellectual greatness, has very long been a subject of dispute among people of all civilized countries. On the one hand the men contend, that every thing of strength, substance, and solidity, rests with them: that the highest flights of genius are theirs: that to them belongs every thing great or useful in art, in science, in philosophy, and in arms. On the other hand the women contend, not only that they surpass men in the delicacies of feeling, and in all the suavities of social life, but that they would rival the male sex in every other excellence of mind, if their educations were equally fitted to render their intellect hardy and robust. Among the women some, indeed, are found, (nay, we think the majority of the sensible women) who deny all claim to superiority, and even to equality: who acknowledge their own weakness, and think it best to content themselves with a candid humility. On the other hand, there are some among men, (and those are chiefly the very dangerous people commonly called *interesting men*), who aim to poison the female mind by every mischievous and seductive machination they can devise, and of course do not forget to assure the women whom they court, of the perfect equality, if not superiority of female powers. This is perhaps the most certain road to success: or in other words, the most certain engine of corruption. It has been observed that women, whose chief merit consists in their talents, are always best pleased when they are complimented upon their beauty: and on the other hand, it is no less true that women, whose chief merit consists in their

beauty, are usually most delighted when they are flattered for genius. Indeed the principle of preference for the praise least deserved, is well known to all the philosophers who have studied the human mind, and is believed to be pretty nearly universal. Now as women, remarkable for their beauty, are generally the sort of women selected by seductive men, it is no wonder that the flattery which is built on a pretended belief of female genius, should be the kind of flattery most general and most successful. As long as a woman's feeling of her own merits is left upon its own ground, upon the level which nature and the society to which she belongs, have marked as its proper footing, she is safe and firm: but the moment her fancy is raised above that level, it stands on a false foundation: vanity is its only prop: the situation is insecure, and it is not a matter of surprise, that she falls to the lowest depth, whence to rise again is impossible.

For our own part, we are not employed in making love to any foolish vain beauty, and therefore we may speak what we think. We own then that we do not think women the equals of men: and we think not only that they are unequal with the inequalities that education imposes upon them, but that they are originally and naturally unequal. It is not, indeed, a decisive proof of the inequality of women's genius, that there have been many more eminent men than eminent women, because the difference of education must be allowed to place women under very considerable disadvantages: but we do not think the difference of education can ever have produced so immense a disproportion as that which now exists. Besides there have been countries in which the education of the women, in a literary and philosophical point of view, has been quite as carefully managed as the education of the men. The philosophers of Athens had female pupils, but we find no great philosophers among the Athenian females. The ladies at Rome learnt Greek, and had equal access with the men to all the ordinary sources of literature: but we have no great poets among the Roman ladies. At the present day, and in France for nearly a century past, the education of the higher classes of women is, and has been, an education certainly competent to every purpose of literary greatness. There are some kinds of eminence to which the laws of society make it impossible that a woman can properly aspire: a woman cannot be a lawyer, or a soldier, or a politician: but literature, which after all is the widest field of ambition, and that in which more great names have been earned, than in any other walk of genius, literature is open, and in most civilized ages has been open, as much to women as to men. We have had literary women of considerable eminence: but never literary women of the first-rate genius. And there, we think, lies the great weight of argument against female equality. We do not deny their equality merely from the fewness of their meritorious examples: but from the inferiority of quality in the few examples that have appeared. Where are the Shakspeares and the Miltons, the Homers and the Ciceros, the Virgils and the Tassos, the Drydens and the Popes, the Boileaus and the Voltaires, the long, long list that might yet be added to these names, where are they among the female writers? Out of so few female writers we cannot expect as many that are excellent, as out of the great numbers of men who have been authors: but at least the women ought to produce their proportion. Unfortunately, the exertions of female authors have seldom risen far above an elegant mediocrity. There is, indeed, one branch of art that contains a splendid and striking argument in favour of women's pretensions to first-rate genius: and that branch is the drama. Mrs. Siddons is not only, by universal acknowledgment, the finest actress that ever lived, but we have no hesitation in saying, that from every thing we have been able to learn, she appears to have been the greatest dramatic genius of either sex, who ever melted the heart or electrified the soul. But this one exception, and that in an art where women are in every respect upon an equal footing with men, is not to be taken as an argument in favour of the rule. We expect that women, in order to prove their own equality, shall produce a number of

really great names, in fair proportion to the number of females who have ever entered the list: and that if the number of women who have become candidates for fame, be only the twentieth part of the number of men who have broken forth, the women shall cite a twentieth part of the number of great names that the men can adduce. We fear this is impossible.

But even though women be inferior to men, as far as first-rate force of genius is concerned, they are not, therefore, of necessity inferior beings with respect to the sum total of their merit. If men excel in strength, women excel in sweetness. If men have mightier minds, women have tenderer hearts. They are as nobly employed in polishing society, as men are in maintaining that society. Of women, as the objects of an honourable love, the power and glory is unbounded. It is not, indeed, a power that must be domineeringly exerted, nor a glory that can be superbly enjoyed: the power of a woman, like the faculty of wishing, which the fairies are said to have imparted, is a power then only powerful, when it is exercised without the consciousness of her who employs it: the glory of a woman is then most glorious, when she who possesses it shrinks from its ostentation. As virtuous and domestic wives, women have a rank surely neither dishonourable nor insignificant: they have a power of swaying the actions of the wisest and greatest men: and in the whirlwind of male force, which, perhaps, from consciousness of its own vigour, may sometimes be disappointed of its object, it is the wife who can acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. As careful and sensible mothers, they may give the first impulse of virtue and grandeur to young minds, over which it is their peculiar province to preside: and sow the seeds of glory, which may afterwards bloom to the honour and reward of the tender care that planted them. In short the merits of women, though of a different kind, are not of an inferior nature: they gain more by concession than by exaction: they are better beloved when they yield, than when they contend: but though the road of approbation is not the same for women as for men, women may at last obtain their recompence as effectually as men. We are told, pride was not made for man. Certainly pride was not made for woman. The less her assumption, the more will be her glory: and even when she has attained the glory of humility, she does unwisely to value herself on that distinction. Then her humility ceases, and her loveliness ceases too. Woman is in society, what the King is in the State: a branch whose real power lies rather in quiet influence than in direct prerogative. Man could crush his fair competitor in an instant, if mere force were to decide between them: just as Parliament could fetter the Monarch, if violent measures were to become the order of the day: and surely woman does wisely, when she considers, like the Monarch, that it is better to hold her place by sweet consent, than to risk the loss of it by angry violence. Her indirect influence, like his, is known, but it is connived at, and even loved: her immediate impetuosity ruins her, as open tyranny does a despot. She should think herself no angel, no queen, no disputant: the lover may call her a seraph, the flatterer may acknowledge her as a ruler, the seducer may praise her argumentation: but she will always be most happy when she feels that heaven designed her for a simple, amiable, inobtrusive, lovely, and interesting creature: that her divinity consists in her humanity, and that her weakness is the foundation of her power.

But we do not by these arguments desire to prove that there is no kind of direct distinction, and even superiority over the other sex, to which a woman may with propriety aspire. There are some walks of literature in which she seems particularly formed to excel. Perhaps it is necessary that an author, in order to afford perfect delight to the reader, shall have felt all that his work attempts to describe. Now certainly there are some kinds of feeling that women possess in a much more exquisite degree than men: almost all the feelings, for instance, of those passions which are properly called the affections. Love, in its tenderest and purest spirit, parental regard in its most genuine warmth, pity, in its sweetest sympathies, are all of them

emotions in which the feeling of women is much more acute and accurate than that of men. In every work, therefore, where these affections are principally concerned, women are probably adequate writers: and even in other kinds of composition, we are far from wishing to discourage the genius of women, though we blame them for desiring to prove the superiority, or even equality of that genius, and conceive that they have no business with pretension of any kind whatsoever. Perhaps it may be thought that if women were never to assert themselves, their merit would never be known. We do not conceive this. The merit of men is not likely to be known, unless they assert themselves, because as it is the course of nature, that the bolder sex may venture on a display of their own powers, nobody thinks of leading on a man from his first diffidence, to that degree of publicity in which his excellence may best appear. But women have greater advantages. Men seek their beauties, as one would the violet, that hides its sweetness. They are sure to be brought forward, if they will but wait with modesty: but if they push themselves, they are likely to be suddenly driven backward. And it is not to be said with how infinite an honour a man of discernment contemplates a modest woman, whose virtues, accomplishments, or genius, have awaited, not anticipated, his search. Every loveliness seems doubly lovely: grace is more graceful, and beauty is more beauteous.

There are some of the authoresses of the present day, who, not content with modestly leaving the efforts of their muse to the fate which the good sense of their readers is likely to allot to them, employ a thousand artifices, public and private, for the purpose of attracting general notice: who not only cram their writings with nauseous, obtrusive sentiment, and other confident and vulgar trash, but puff themselves by assumed names in newspapers, and court the periodical critics. These are the women that society abhors: the pert affected sentimentalists, and the gravely ridiculous, pedantically petticoated philosophers.

On the other hand we have a few fair writers, whose modest sensibility, and true discrimination in the most delicate refinements of nature, has procured for them an applause and a fame which forward pretension does not deserve, and will not attain. Among the most gracefully conspicuous, among the most modestly admirable of these writers, is the authoress of whose poems we are now to speak.

Among novelists Mrs. Opie certainly occupies a first rank, and in poetry too she has acquired to herself a reputation by no means inconsiderable. Her poetry is almost always of that peculiar kind, for which, as we have before observed, we conceive the female genius to be peculiarly adapted. She expresses usually some feeling, connected with the gentler affections; and there certainly have been few writers, in any age, or in any country, more intimately acquainted with all the sympathies of the human heart, or, in other words, more thoroughly gifted with the faculty of interesting the reader. It must be confessed that her poetry has faults; but they are rather mechanical than vital defects; and we have no doubt that a little further practice, with care and attention, and a close study of the principles upon which the most harmonious poets have constructed their system of versification, will completely do away those ruggednesses which at present intrude themselves during the operation of some beautiful thought, and spoil the effect which that thought would otherwise have produced upon our minds. The defect of which we speak, is by no means so apparent in this as in her last volume; and therefore it is that we feel ourselves inclined to hope for a speedy extinction of the faulty propensity.

The only two poems of any length, are *The Warrior's Return*; and *Julia, or, The Convent of St. Claire*. If we may judge by the title-page, in which *The Warrior's* return is the only poem specifically mentioned.—*The Warrior's Return* is, probably, the authoress's favourite; but we are not inclined to shew the same preference. One of the two longer poems had certainly a right to be the poem specified in the ti-

tle-page: but we really think that the tale of *Julia*, which now affords a subject for the frontispiece, was well entitled to give the name to the volume. The story of *The Warrior's Return*, is in substance as follows:—

Sir Walter returns from the Holy Land to his own castle; and as he approaches home, at each step the images of his wife and infant son, rush more vividly upon his recollection. He arrives, and with transport embraces his wife Editha. He then inquires for his son Alfred. Editha tells him, that Alfred arriving at manhood, set out for the Holy Land, to share the dangers and fame of his father; and that she had described Walter's armour and device to the youth, in hopes of their meeting. Walter informs Editha, that a dying friend had given him other armour, with an earnest injunction of wearing it, as a tribute to the memory of revered amity: then expresses his regret for a change, which has prevented a recognition between him and his son. The principal event is then introduced in this manner:

" ' But if he has fought, and has fallen, my
" ' love!"
" ' Suppress," cried the Knight, with a
" ' frown,
" ' A fear so ill-founded: if Alfred had died,
" ' He'd have fallen a child of renown!"

" Yet vainly he strove by the farther's proud
" hopes,
" To conquer the father's fond fears:
" He fear'd for the life of his boy, though with
" smiles
" He answer'd his Editha's tears.

" And more and more forc'd grew the smiles on
" his lip,
" His brow more o'erclouded with thought;
" At length he exclaim'd, ' from the field of
" renown
" One painful memorial I've brought."

He then relates, that having slain a Saracen Chief, he found the glory of the conquest suddenly disputed by a warrior; that the altercation becoming warm, they fought, and Walter gave his adversary a mortal wound; that the youth expressed forgiveness in accents resembling those of Editha, and died. " But what is this memorial that " you have brought," asks Editha. " This " scarf from his bosom," answers her lord. She sinks on the ground, and denounces Walter, exclaiming that he has slain his son. And here the poem ends.

Now the idea of this poem is very dramatic; but the effect is very greatly injured by the order of the developement. For the circumstance that ought to move the passions of the reader, is the situation of grief and horror into which Walter and Editha are thrown by the discovery of their son's slaughter. Now a circumstance of this kind is never effective on the minds of the reader, when not only that reader himself is enabled to anticipate the coming event, but even the parties concerned in the transaction itself have had very good ground for suspecting the issue. The truth is, that unless Walter conceived from the beginning that he had slain his son, which evidently is not the intention of the authoress, his narrative is very unaccountably introduced; nor is it likely that Editha would have listened so patiently to such a tale, if she had not also surmised the death of her own son: which she evidently did not surmise, for she has been made to say:

" ' O! ill-fated youth! how I bleed for his
" ' fate!
" ' Perhaps that his mother, like me,
" ' Had arm'd him, and blest him, and pray'd
" ' for his life,
" ' As I pray, my Alfred, for thee!"

It appears then, that if neither Walter nor Editha suspected this tale to concern their own son, the tale was a thing of unseasonable introduction on the instant of Walter's return, when so many much more interesting subjects must have demanded the attention both of him and of Editha: and if they did suspect any thing, the surprize at the end of the poem is divested of all sudden horror, and indeed could not have been properly a surprize at all. Even if the construction of the narrative were a little altered, so as to remedy the defect of which we have been speaking, the conclusion is certainly too abrupt.

The story of Julia seems to us to be much better constructed. Julia Clermont was about to be immured in a convent, for

the sake of enlarging her brother's inheritance. Her brother married, and at the wedding feast Montrose won the heart of Julia. Clermont refused her hand to his disinterested intreaties: determined not to allow either a diminution of his son's fortune, or a marriage of his daughter without a dower worthy of her family. She returned to the convent where she was passing her noviciate, and was overwhelmed with grief. The Abbess advised her to supplicate her father. In vain Julia's intreaties were united to those of her mother; Clermont still inflexible, left his daughter with his wife. After a pathetic interview between the parent and her child, Julia hurried to her cell. The morning appointed for the taking of the veil was now arrived. The Abbess called at Julia's door to summon the maid to the altar. The victim intreated a few moment's delay. Suddenly the voice of Montrose was heard through the aisles. He eagerly rushed forward, announcing the death of Clermont's heir, and the father's sanction of Julia's marriage. Again the Abbess summoned Julia. No voice was heard in answer. Montrose forced open the door, and saw Julia—bathed in blood! She uttered a few faultering words of remorse for her suicide, and regret for the happiness she had lost: then groaned, and expired.

This story is extremely interesting, and conveys a most forcible moral to the heart.

Among the most remarkable of the smaller poems is an Ode to Borrowdale in Cumberland. This ode contains many beautifully descriptive lines: particularly when the authoress, speaking of her own recollections of Borrowdale's scenery, after describing the misty shadows that overhang the heights, exclaims:

P. 58.

" But rocks and storms are vain:
" Midst mountains rough and rude
" Man's daring feet intrude,
" Till lo! upon the ravished eye
" Burst thy clear stream, thy mingling sky,
" Thy wooded valley and thy matchless plain.
" Bright vale! the muse's choicest theme,
" My morning thought, my midnight
" dream;
" Still memory paints thee, smiling scene,
" Still views the robe of purest green,
" Refreshed by beauty-shedding rains,
" Which wraps thy flower-enamelled
" plains;
" Still marks thy mountains' fronts sublime
" Force graces from the hand of time;
" Still I thy rugged rocks recall,
" Which seem as nodding to their fall
" Whose wonders fixed my aching sight
" Till terror yielded to delight;
" And my surprises, pleasures, fears,
" Were told by slow delicious tears.

The Lucayan's song is perhaps one of the most fortunate subjects that ever was selected for poetical illustration. Dr. Robertson relates, that several vessels were fitted out for the Lucayos, the commanders of which informed the natives, with whose language they were now well acquainted, that they came from a delicious country in which their departed ancestors resided, by whom they were sent to invite them to partake of the bliss which they enjoyed. That simple people listened with wonder and credulity, and fond of visiting their relations and friends in that happy region, followed the Spaniards with eagerness. By this artifice above 40,000 were decoyed into Hispaniola, to share in the sufferings of the wretched race who inhabited that island.

When the poor creatures have arrived there, many of them in the anguish of despair refuse all sustenance; retire to desert caves and woods, and silently give up the ghost. Others repairing to the sea-coast on the northern side of Hispaniola, cast many a longing look to that part of the ocean where they suppose their own islands situated, and as the sea-breeze rises eagerly inhale it, believing it has lately visited their own happy valleys, and comes fraught with the breath of those they love, their wives and children. With this idea they continue for hours on the coast, till nature becomes utterly exhausted; when, stretching out their arms towards the ocean, as if to take a last embrace of their distant

country, and relations, they sink down, and expire without a groan.

We believe it is Mr. Bryan Edwards, in his history of the West-Indies, who relates these interesting and melancholy facts. Mrs. Opie has employed them to great account:

P. 71.

The Lucayan's Song.

"Hail, lonely shore! hail, desert cave!
"To you, o'erjoyed, from men I fly,
"And here I'll make my early grave,
"For what can misery do but die?

"Sad was the hour when, fraught with guile,
"Spain's cruel sons our valleys sought;
"Unknown to us the Christian's wile,
"Unknown the dark deceiver's thought.

"They said, that here, for ever blest,
"Our loved forefathers lived and reigned;
"And we, by pious fondness prest,
"Believed the flattering tales they feigned.

"But when we learn'd the mournful truth
"No—I'll the horrid tale forbear;
"For on our trusting, blighted, youth,
"My brethren, who will drop a tear?

"Thou treasure of these burning eyes,
"Where wave thy groves, dear native isle?
"Methinks, where yon blue mountains rise,
"'Tis there thy precious valleys smile!

"Yes, yes, these tears of joy that start,
"The softly soothing truth declare;
"Thou whisperest right, my beating heart—
"My loved, regretted home is there!

"But then its trees that wave so high,
"The glittering birds that deck each grove,
"I cannot, cannot hence descry,
"Nor, dearer far, the forms I love.

"Yet still the winds that cool my brow
"And o'er these murmuring waters come,
"A joy that mocks belief bestow;
"For sure they lately left my home!

"Then deeply I'll the breeze inhale,
"To life it yet imparts one joy,
"Methinks your breath has filled the gale,
"My faithful love, my prattling boy!

"My prattling boy, my beauteous wife,
"Say, do you still my name repeat,
"And only bear the load of life,
"In hopes that we once more may meet?

"My love! in dreams thou still art nigh,
"But changed and pale thou seem'st to be:
"Yet still the more thou charm'st my eye:
"I think thee changed by love for me:—

"While oft, to fond remembrance true,
"I see thee seek the sparkling sand,
"In hopes the little bark to view,
"That bears me to my native land.

"But never more shall Zama's eye
"Her loved returning husband see,
"No more her locks of ebon dye
"Shall Zama fondly braid for me!

"Yet still, with hope chastis'd by fear,
"Watch for my bark from yonder shore,
"And still, my Zama, think me near,
"When this torn bosom throbs no more.

"Yet surely hope, each day deceived,
"At length to daring deeds will fire:
"The Spaniard's tale no more believed,
"My fate will fearful doubts inspire.

"And then! blest thought! across the main
"Thou'lt haste, thy injured love to find,
"All danger scorn, all fears disdain,
"And gladly trust the waves and wind.

"Ha! even now the distant sky
"Seems by one spot of darkness crost:
"Yes, yes, a vessel meets my eye,
"Or else I gaze, in phrenzy lost!

"It hither steers!—No, beating breast,
"Too well I see what bade thee glow;
"The sea-bird, hastening to its nest,
"To taste a joy I ne'er shall know!

"Moment of hope, too bright to last,
"Thou hast but deepen'd my despair!
"But woe's severest pangs are past,
"For life's last closing hours are near.

"'Twas morn when first this beach I sought,
"Now evening's shadows fill the plain:
"Yet here I've stood, entranc'd in thought,
"Unheeding thirst, fatigue, or pain.

"'Tis past—I faint—my throbbing brow
"Cold clammy drops I feel bedew:
"Dear native shore! where art thou now?
"Some Spaniard shuts thee from my view!

"Monster, away! and let me taste
"That joy in death, in life denied!
"Still let me, o'er the watery waste,
"Behold the hills which Zama hide!

"Alas, I rave! no foe is near:
"'Tis Death's thick mist obscures my sight:
"Those precious hills, to memory dear,
"No more shall these fond eyes delight!

"But sent from thee, my native shore,
"Again that precious breeze is nigh:
"Zama, I feel thy breath once more,
"And now content, transported, die!

If there be any material fault in this beautiful and interesting poem, it is, that the Lucayan has now and then the air rather of a man relating his suffering to another, than of one venting his feelings to himself: as in the first stanza, when he asks, what is left to misery but death: in the second stanza, where he says:

"Sad was the hour, when fraught with guile,
"&c."

And in the fourth stanza, where he exclaims:

"No, I'll the horrid tale forbear."

These things, which seem to arise more from the recollections than the immediate sensations of the poor Lucayan, tend, in some degree, to interrupt the current of the reader's feelings: and in a poem possessing such admirable beauties, a little fault is discernible. Indeed, (whether reasonably, or unreasonably, we cannot now pause to inquire) the more an author does for the reader, the more the reader is apt to expect: and the nearer a poem is to perfection, the more obstinately do the public require it to be perfect.

The idea of the little poem, which Mrs. Opie entitles *The Origin of the Sail*, is a fiction worthy of Anacreon in his purest hours of inspiration. We extract it entire:

P. 93.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SAIL.

"Sweet maid! on whom my wishes rest,
"My morning thought, my midnight dream:
"O grant Lysander's fond request,
"And let those eyes with mercy beam.

"Thy coy delays at length give o'er,
"And let me claim thy nuptual vow!
"Bid that cold bosom, cold no more,
"With mutual passion's ardour glow!

"To yonder isle, amidst the sea,
"Which sportive laves those mountains' feet,
"Belov'd Euphrasia, haste with me,
"And there the priest of hymen meet.

"There, spicy groves thick foliage spread,
"The timid virgin's blush to hide:
"There, gales which tender languors shed,
"Diffuse the richest perfumes wide.

"O blest retreat for happy love!
"And see! the Sun's descending beams
"Now richly gild each distant grove,
"And shed around soft roseate gleams.

"Then let this bark for thee design'd,
"For thee by anxious fondness drest,
"Yon beauteous island strive to find,
"And bear us o'er the ocean's breast.

"Here paus'd the youth, and round her waist
"His arm with timid boldness threw;
"While from his grasp, with blushing haste,
"The pleas'd, yet frowning, fair withdrew.

"'And wilt thou scorn my suit," he said,
"'While in despair his hands he wrung—
"'Behold," replied the yielding maid,
"And to the bark, she, sighing, sprung.

"There, fondly seated by her side,
"The youth her flutter'd spirits cheer'd,
"And o'er the eve-empurpl'd tide,
"To find the priest of Hymen steer'd.

"But too, too slow for lover's haste,
"The sluggish bark appear'd to move;
"Still lengthening seem'd the watery waste,
"To thy fond glances, eager love!

"At length with fruitless wishes tir'd,
"The fretful youth to Cupid pray'd;
"Who, pitying power! a thought inspir'd
"The ardent suppliant's will to aid.

"To hide her face from Love's keen gaze,
"O'er which consent's soft languor spread,
"Within her veil's luxuriant maze,
"Euphrasia wrapt her beauteous head.

"But now that veil the youth unbinds,
"Then to the bark with ardour ties:
"See! its folds catch the passing winds,
"And lo! to land the vessel flies!

"But not alone, youth loved of heaven,
"Thy glowing bosom blest that hour;
"The thought, to crown thy wishes given,
"Still charms with never ending power:

"And grateful ages yet unborn,
"Shall bless Euphrasia's floating veil:
"Thence dawn'd on art a brighter morn,
"For thence she fram'd the swelling sail.

In the following lines addressed to Laura, there is a good deal of that knowledge of the delicacies of the human heart, which we have before acknowleged to be one among the particulars in which women seem formed to excel their male competitors. The distinction between that ardent sensation of friendship which women sometimes entertain for men whom they do not love, and the feeling of actual affection, properly called love, is admirably drawn in these

verses; which indeed may serve as a useful lesson to many an enthusiastic young man, who flattered by the attentions of women, and eager to engage himself in the delightful bondage of a mutual passion, fondly imagines that such a mutual passion does actually exist, and discovers the error of his understanding only by the late and sudden pangs of his heart. We subjoin the stanzas:

P. 101.

TO LAURA.

" Cease, Laura, cease, suspect no more,
" This careless heart has learnt to love;
" Because on yonder lonely shore,
" I still at pensive evening rove:

" Because of Henry's worth I speak,
" With eager warmth and sparkling eye,
" Because his favourite haunts I seek,
" And still o'erjoy'd to meet him fly:

" But Laura, should my faultering tongue
" Refuse to speak in Henry's praise;
" My trembling voice deny the song,
" When Henry claims his favourite lays:

" When Henry comes, should I neglect
" With smiles the welcome youth to seek,
" But meet him full of cold respect,
" While conscious blushes paint my cheek:

" Should I, when Ella shares his praise,
" Heave deeply drawn, but smother'd sighs,
" And when on me he deigns to gaze,
" Fix on the earth my conscious eyes:

" Then I'll no more thy charge deny,
" No more thy tender fears reprove;
" Then, Laura, heave compassion's sigh,
" For mine will be the sigh of love!"

The following lines, to Anna, deserve a particular notice:

P. 143.

TO ANNA.

" This faded lip may oft to thee
" As gay a smile, my Anna, wear,
" As when in youth, from sorrow free,
" I only shed the transient tear.

" And oft chill Autumn's varying day
" Resembles April's genial hours;
" And glitters with the noon-tide ray,
" Though oftener dark with clouds and
" showers.

" And when I join the social throng
" This heart as warmly seems to glow,
" As when my pensive early song
" Was only tuned to fancied woe.

" And oft we see gay ivy's wreath
" The tree with brilliant bloom o'erspread;
" When, part its leaves and gaze beneath,
" We find the hidden tree is dead."

Of the foregoing ballad the ideas are poetical, and affecting, but we fear that the illustration contained in the second stanza, is not philosophically true: nor has it even that sanction which to be sure is sufficient for poetry, the support of popular opinion. Nobody thinks that September is more apt to lower with clouds, than April, which is showery to a proverb: and even if the skies of Autumn were as often overcast as those of Spring, yet it is impossible that the rain should be in fact descending, while the atmosphere appears bright and cloudless: though the human countenance may wear a smile, while the heart is swelling with grief.

There are a great many poems on the subject of secret love: we should say too many, if they were not so good.

The idea of all these ballads on secret love is evidently taken from the beautiful little novel on the same subject in Mrs. Opie's own "*Simple Tales.*"

Before we quit the poems which are in rhyme, we must say something of those mechanical defects, those little failures of execution which are to be found in some of them. These defects are chiefly of two kinds: the transposition of words, and the employment of unnecessary epithets as expletives. Of the former fault there are several instances; and in little poems, which ought to be perfectly polished, such instances are not so excusable as perhaps they may be considered in longer works. Indeed matters of feeling lose much of their effect upon the mind, when they are divested of their simplicity: and nothing so completely destroys the simplicity of a feeling exclamation as a laboured transposition, which could hardly have taken place in any conversation, much less in a conversation of lively passion. Thus when a lover, expiring on his bridal morning, exclaims, " And must I, must I

"then die, my Lucy, before thou art "mine?" Mrs. Opie makes her stanza run thus:

"The fatal truth the sufferer read
"In weeping Lucy's downcast eye:
"'*And must I, must I then*,' he said,
"'*Ere thou art mine, my Lucy, die?*'"

In another place, we have the following transposition:

"Fame is thine, lo! crowds aver it,
"And her smile is dear to thee;
"But, I charge thee, *dont prefer it*
"*E'er again* to home and me."

Of the faulty employment of epithets there are also several examples. Not that Mrs. Opie ever employs epithets that are in themselves inconsistent with the subject she treats: but it should be remembered that in poetry, an epithet, if it does not do good, always does harm. She often uses epithets, which if she had not been writing in regular metre, she certainly would never have thought of. Thus we find,

P. 116.

"——— should Misfortune's hand
"Bid *all* thy youth's *fond* triumphs fly.

P. 44.

"Oh who can paint the lover's woe,
"Or childless father's *deep* remorse,
"While bending o'er the blood-stained bed
"He clasped his daughter's *pallid* corse.
"But from this scene of *dreadful* woe, &c.

P. 146.

"Again her pensive smile I view,
"Her modest eye's *soft* chastened fire."

By not attending to such minutiæ as these, Mrs. Opie often deprives herself of the assistance of the ear: and the ear is to the mind a porter, who must be frequently and delicately bribed by all who would gain a ready and constant admittance.

We have now to speak of her lines on Constantinople, which are of a nature very different from the nature of the other poems in this volume. These lines are written in blank verse, and have the advantages that musical sound can add to sublime conception. We have said that though we think the tenderer kinds of writing to be the departments in which women are formed to excel the most, yet we are, far from wishing to discourage their attempts at loftier poetry. Mrs. Opie in the lines on Constantinople, which we here subjoin, has afforded us a proof that if the female mind be not endowed with vigour sufficiently enduring to uphold a flight of great extent, yet as long as its wing continues untired, it may rise to a great exaltation. We should do injustice to the genius of Mrs. Opie, and defraud our readers of an enjoyment to which they are entitled, if we were to withhold this admirably forcible and brilliant production.

P. 163.

"*Lines on hearing, three or four years ago,*
"*that Constantinople was swallowed up by an*
"*Earthquake: a report, though false, at*
"*that time generally believed.*

"Fall'n are thy tow'rs, Byzantium! towers
"that stood
"Before the Turks dread fury, when he came,
"The crescent sparkling amidst Christian
"blood,
"And to the reeking den of Moloch turned
"Sophia's holy fane! Where, where are now,
"Imperial city, the late proud remains
"Of thy brave founder's greatness, when he
"clothed
"In worldly grandeur pure Religion's form;
"Then placed beside him, placed upon a
"throne,
"The lowly Nazarene's meek simple child!
"He, wandering then upon a Christian land
"Stranger at home had been, nor known again
"His artless rites, his followers in the domes
"Fill'd with the sparkling shrine, the rich-
"robed priests,
"And pomp of earthly greatness—But not long
"Lived there his name—Science and Art fare-
"well!
"The foe of light and love, Mohammed, comes,
"And Constantine's proud race exists no more.
"But, sons of Mahomet, the towers he built,
"Though by your anger spared, have fallen
"now,
"And crushed your bloody race! A mightier
"arm
"Than his who raised, or spared your domes,
"came forth:
"From the hot sable rolling cloud it came,
"And crumbled them to dust! The wind, the
"air,
"Seem in strict silence bound, but smiling still
"Appears the face of day: assassin like
"Smiling, though conscious of intended death,

" But Nature trembles at her own repose :
" The brute creation dread forebodings shake,
" While man alone is bold—But see where now
" The labouring ocean, in fantastic shapes
" And sudden swells, her heaving bosom rears
" Like the mad Pythia, when the Delphian
" God
" Spoke by her fraudful lips ; but here, alas!
" A real God, that world of waters moves
" To do his dreadful bidding !—
" Hark, he comes!
" The thunder's roar, the rush of winds pro-
" claim
" The Mighty One is near. But oh! when
" past
" His power, and those he spared raised up
" their heads,
" Where was the eye could bear, upon the
" waste
" To gaze, and mark the ruin stretching wide?
" Oh! ye were blest, ye victims, ye who fell
" Deep in the yawning chasm!—' Where are
" ' now,'
" The sad survivor cries, ' my peaceful home,
" ' The sacred mosque I loved, the child, the
" wife,
" ' I clasped but now ; the city towering high,
" ' Proud in its strength? Disperse thou gloomy
" ' cloud,
" ' And let me gaze on them.' The cloud's
" dispersed ;
" But he beholds no city, he can trace
" No vestige of his home : a putrid lake,
" Or barren ground replace them, and pro-
" claim,
" Devouring Earthquake, thy resistless power.
" England! blest country, from such woes
" as these
" Thy temperate clime preserves thee ; lightly
" felt
" If ever, by thy comfort-breathing shores,
" The Earthquake, desolating distant lands:
" And thou hast cause to lift thy voice most
" high,
" In the great choir of nations hymning praise!
" But ye, who wander from your native
" shores,
" While haply such calamity draws near
" As sunk Byzantium : ye whose eager hearts
" Anticipate a glad return, to scenes
" Ye shall behold no more, for ever swept
" From off the earth—Unconscious heirs of
" woe,
" For you I mourn! Methinks I see the cheek
" Flushed with delight, chastised perhaps by
" fear,
" When your own land approaches—See the
" eye
" Misty with tears ope wide its eager lid
" To catch the well-known objects! Horrid
" change!
" Fear pales that glowing cheek, and dries
" that eye—
" ' It is our native shore: but where are gone
" The fanes, the spires, 'erewhile our city's
" pride?'
" I hear you cry. ' The pilot is deceived,
" And hope deceived us too—'tis not our land!'
" But soon the mournful certainty ye guess
" And leap to shore : and there ye call in vain
" On all ye loved. Throughout the silent
" streets
" That yet remain, perhaps some meagre form
" May trembling steal along, and tell the tale:
" While on the ruins some lone maniac sits,
" And, as he points to where the chasm yawned,
" Boasts of the treasures earth preserves for
" him ;
" Or while a sudden beam of reason darts,
" Screams his discordant anguish, and commands
" Earth to give back his children!

" Angel of woe! that from th' eternal hand
" Receiv'st thy dread commission, going forth
" To flap thy sable pinions o'er the world,
" And shed unnumbered evils, which appear
" To Piety's uplifted eye, as good
" Concealed in Evil's garb : Angel of woe,
" Upon thy awful power I've pondered oft,
" In all its dark varieties. I've sought
" The horrid path where Madness stalks along
" In fancied Majesty, or from his cell
" Sends the loud shriek, or more afflicting
" laugh ;
" And, as I hurried from the o'erwhelming
" scene,
" Have shuddering owned thy awful presence
" there.
" I've seen thee by the death-bed sit, and bid
" The silent corse to speak again, and urge
" The eyes for ever closed to ope once more
" And beam as they were wont : and I have
" walked
" In slow procession to the opening grave,
" And seen thee triumph when the earth re-
" ceived
" The form beloved, and the deep-bursting
" groan
" Bespoke Affliction's forced composure o'er,
" And agony victorious! I have gazed
" Upon the guilty wretch, when, doomed to die,
" Terror has vanquished him, and his pale
" cheek

"Has proved the falsehood of his vaunting
" tongue,
"While to his startled fancy, in the rear
"Of Death came Judgment, and the World to
" come
"Unfolded all its horrors! There, O there,
"Thee I beheld and fled from—and I've heard
"How on the sultry suffocating breath
"Of livid pestilence, thou, floating wide,
"Hast done thy master's bidding! Vain were
" then
"The ties of Nature! from the parent's grasp
"The child has forced its once sustaining hand,
"And horror-struck has from contagion fled!
"While the fond parent, from his dying child,
"Vainly his aid imploring, terror-winged,
"Has urged his selfish flight! And there thou
" wert:
"And when the Earthquake's varied horrors
" come,
"All, all, thy ministers are waiting round,
"Fear, Madness, Pestilence, Pain, Famine,
" Death,
"And all the agonies combined are there!

There are several incorrect expressions and slovenly lines in this poem, and particularly the few which close it; but there are passages of a strength and pathos which we have seldom seen equalled. The descriptions of the mighty arm coming forth from the cloud amid the horrid repose of Nature—of the strangers returning to their desolated home—of the maniac reclaiming his children from the jaws of the earth—of the death-bed and the grave—and lastly of the plague—are almost without parallels in modern poetry. We do not remember to have seen any other production of Mrs. Opie's in which this style was attempted, but she has now proved that she possesses sublimity as well as sweetness: a rare combination, which requires only a little attention to the musical arrangement of metre, in order to place her in a rank as high among lyric poets as that which she already occupies among novelists.

A HISTORY OF THE EARLY PART OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE SECOND, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX.

It was known for several years before the death of Mr. Fox, that his leisure hours were occupied in the composition of a historical work on some subject of British affairs: and as the curiosity of the public has of course been rather heightened than diminished by the unfortunate event which snatched that great statesman from the world, Lord Holland, who, as our readers will remember, was the nephew of Mr. Fox, has thought it right to publish the papers of the history in their present unfinished state.

In a preliminary address, Lord Holland explains some circumstances relating to this history, which are not only gratifying, inasmuch as they appertain to so great a man as Mr. Fox, but actually necessary in order to form an accurate opinion concerning the history itself. Those circumstances, therefore, we think it our duty to lay before our readers, that they, in their turn, may decide upon the degree of credit which ought to be attached to our estimate of this important work.

Lord Holland declares himself unable to state determinately the precise period at which Mr. Fox first conceived his idea of writing a history; but he affirms that the idea originated during some part of his retirement from public life, when the prospect of long leisure lay before him. He had determined to write something, before he had definitely settled what that something should be; and though criticism, and light literature seem to have been more congenial to his habits and tastes, yet the composition of a historical work seemed more suited to the tenor of his past life, and more likely to be pro-

ductive of advantage to the public and to posterity. These considerations, together with his profound knowledge of the British constitution, led him to prefer a relation of the history of his own country, and a relation of that part of her history in which he might enlarge upon, and illustrate those great principles of freedom on which the constitution is founded: principles which his eloquence had assisted to explain, which his wisdom and probity had contributed to uphold, and which retirement had not rendered in the slightest degree less dear than ever to his heart.

It was therefore the æra of our glorious revolution, upon which Mr. Fox originally determined to employ himself. At this period Lord Holland conceives he would probably have begun, if he had followed his first resolutions; but upon a careful perusal of the latter part of Hume's history he altered his design: and an apprehension of the false impressions which that great historian's partiality might have left upon the minds of his readers, induced him to go back to the accession of King James the second, and even to prefix an introductory chapter, on the character and leading events of the times immediately preceding. He generally spoke of his plan as extending no further than the settlement occasioned by the revolution: but some casual expressions gave reason to hope that he might pursue his undertaking further.

The interference of other occupations frequently impeded the progress of his work; and even when he did devote his attention to it, he composed so slow as to make but little advance. Of this he was perfectly conscious; he was aware that in writing he was as tardy, as he was rapid in public speaking. He had employed many days in writing his letter to the Electors of Westminster, in 1793, and even the publication of his speech on the late Duke of Bedford occupied a considerable portion of time. Lord Holland observes by the way, that this speech on the Duke of Bedford was the only piece of his public oratory that he ever revised: and adds that except the 14th, 16th, and perhaps a few other numbers of a periodical publication in 1779, called *The Englishman, an Epitaph on the late Bishop of Downe*, and the before-mentioned letter to the Electors of Westminster, this speech on the Duke of Bedford was the only piece of prose he ever printed: unless indeed one were to reckon his Advertisements to Electors, and the parliamentary papers that he may have drawn up. His Lordship denies the *Ode to Poverty* and the *Epigram on Gibbon* to have been the productions of Mr. Fox: and does not acknowledge that any metrical composition ever printed was written by Mr. Fox, except the lines on Mrs. Crewe, and those to Mrs. Fox, on his birth-day. Lord Holland then resumes the subject of Mr. Fox's speed, or rather slowness in composition: This slowness, his Lordship tells us, was in great measure occasioned by accuracy of research: and he quotes a manuscript letter, in which Mr. Fox says: "History goes on, but it goes on very "slowly. The fact is, I am a very slow "writer, but I promise I will persevere. "I believe I am too scrupulous both about "language and facts, though with respect "to the latter, it is hardly possible. It is "astonishing how many facts one finds "related for which there is no autho-"rity whatever. Tradition, you will "say, does in some cases, but it will not "apply to others."

On the subject of Mr. Fox's researches, his noble editor has spoken at considerable length; and has entered into the minutest details concerning the manuscripts of the the Scotch college at Paris; which were consulted by Mr. Fox during his stay in France, after the peace of Amiens. The liberality of the French government opened to him the archives of foreign affairs without reserve, and afforded him every facility for consulting and copying such papers as appeared to him to be material. Of this permission he immediately availed himself, and while he remained at Paris, he passed a great part of every morning, at the *Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères*, accompanied by his friends Lord St. John, Mr. Adair, and Mr. Trotter, who assisted him in examing and transcribing the original papers. The letters of Barillon, who was the ambassador of Louis the Fourteenth at the Court of London, during the reigns of Charles

the Second, and James the Second, afforded him, much valuable matter.

We confess, and against such authority we are almost afraid to confess it, that our ideas of the duty of an historian do not agree with the ideas which Lord Holland relates Mr. Fox to have entertained concerning that duty, and which indeed appear from this history itself. Mr. Fox, it seems, had formed his plan so exclusively on the model of ancient writers, that he not only felt some repugnance against the modern practice of annotation, but thought all which a historian wished to say, should be introduced in a continued narration, and never assume the appearance of a digression, much less of a dissertation, annexed: Therefore, from the close of his introductory chapter, he defined his duty as an author to consist in recounting the facts as they arose, or, to use his own simple and forcible language, in telling the story of those times. In a conversation concerning the writers of the age of James the Second, Mr. Fox lamented that he had not devised a method of interweaving into his history any account of them or their works, much less any criticism on their style. On Lord Holland's suggestion of the example set by Hume and Voltaire, who had discussed such topics at some length, either at the end of each reign, or in a separate chapter; Mr. Fox observed, with much commendation of their execution of it, that such a contrivance might be a good mode of writing critical Essays, but that it was, in his opinion, incompatible with the nature of his undertaking, which, if it ceased to be a narrative, ceased to be a history.

If the plan which Mr. Fox here proposed to himself, of making no digressions, much less dissertations, by simply telling the story of the times, were practicably compatible with all that history ought to comprize, we should think with him that such a continued narration would be by much the best suited to the purposes of the historian. We are great enemies to the extravagant collection of notes which is become so systematic in these times: but we fear that some notes are, in some works, and particularly in historical works, a necessary evil. Mr. Fox is here related to have owned that his plan would not permit him to introduce an account of literary men. But since literary men, if they are to have a fame at all (which probably will not be denied to them by any body, and least of all would have been denied by the noble and generous minded Charles Fox) must have that fame by the assistance of the historian, surely the historian performs his task but imperfectly, if he neglects, whether from carelessness or system, to give any account of those literary men. A historian is not, like a poet, obliged to fetter himself with a unity of action or subject. The story of the times concerning which he must write, cannot in its nature be one continued and connected story: for the history ought to comprize the stories of a great many different sorts of men, in no manner concerned with each other, and merely entering into the same work because they were subjects of the same state, and lived in the same age. But a man might almost as well write the lives of the Poets, or of the philosophers, or of the bishops separately, and intitule his work the story of any time, as write the lives of statesmen separately, and call that telling the story of any time. To the literary, the scientific, the clerical world, the lives of the men eminent in the pursuits of those classes respectively, would be the most interesting story of the times: the story most interesting to Mr. Fox was that which he has almost exclusively told,—the story of the Whig statesmen. We certainly think that the affairs of state ought to occupy the principal portion of a historical work; because the science of all other matters may be learnt from other sources, and the science of politics can be learned from history alone. No man will become a greater poet, philosopher, or divine, from knowing in what ages flourished former poets, philosophers, or divines; but a statesman has no means of acquiring the principles of his science, except from the history of the states and statesmen of former days. Therefore it is that we would have political matters occupy by far the greatest part of a history; but we cannot call that narrative

a complete *story of the times* which does not give an account of every thing which was remarkable in those times.

Mr. Fox's studious avoidance of avowed digressions and of notes has not only led him thus to the exclusion of much interesting matter, but occasioned him perpetually to introduce reasonings which, however excellent in themselves, do not appear to us to be properly the ingredients of a history. He perpetually pauses to discuss the credibility of prior historians, and states not only the variations of narrative, which are necessary to be stated, but also the motives which the narrators may have had for producing those variations. Now this kind of matter seems to us to be more properly the subject of notes. The historian should content himself like an editor of a poet, with giving the text that he prefers, and the various readings, in the body of his page: and if he wants to enlarge upon the arguments for or against any of these readings, he surely does better to introduce his opinions in another place. For the object of history is chiefly to inform the reader of certain facts: and a reader who studies only for the facts, (which is the case with most readers,) is strangely perplexed and distracted by the perpetual interference of reasonings. Most men are content to take the word of the historian as to the truth, or else he is a historian but little worth reading: and those who like to know on what foundations the historian may have built himself will surely not grudge the trouble of searching notes: and notes we think perfectly justifiable in such a work, both for the satisfaction of the reader, and as the warrant of the author.

While we venture to disagree from the principles which Mr. Fox laid down to himself for arranging the matter of his work, we cannot but bestow the most cordial and unqualified applause on the principles by which he professed to regulate his style: although we shall presently have occasion to shew that the work before us is not always free from defects of style, either by reason of the author's peculiarity of taste, or on account of the unfinished condition in which the composition was left. Lord Holland relates that his uncle had reflected deeply on the rules of writing, and not unfrequently conversed upon the different and opposite principles by which perfection was to be attained in writing and public speaking—arts that his own habits and pursuits had naturally led him to compare. He conceived the difference to consist, not so much in diction, as in the arrangement of thoughts, the length and construction of sentences, and, if one may use a phrase familiar to public speakers, the mode of putting an argument. He considered that a writer, in order to preserve perspicuity, must keep distinct those parts of discourse, which the orator, by modulation of voice, and by action, is enabled to bring at once into view without confounding his audience. He knew that frequency of allusion, which in speaking produces the happiest effect, must in writing render the sense obscure, and interrupt the simplicity of the discourse: nay that even those sudden turns, those unforeseen flashes, which, struck out at the moment, dazzle and delight a public assembly, always appear cold and inanimate, when deliberately introduced into a written composition.

Accordingly he was always so anxious to preserve a distinction between his oratorical and his literary efforts, that he frequently rejected passages which no other author would have conceived inadmissible. Simplicity was the quality of style at which he principally aimed: and he was the more anxious to preserve its character in his writings, because he thought that the example of some great writers had perverted the public taste, and that their imitators had corrupted the purity of the English language. Lord Holland says, that Mr. Fox once went so far as to declare, that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.

Lord Holland, foreseeing the objections which may be, and have been, made to the style of some passages in this history, thinks it necessary to say upon this subject a few words, which we are rather inclined to wish he had omitted. His Lordship declares it to be his opinion, that the phrases which are likely to be the least approved

have more probably been introduced upon system than admitted by inadvertence. "The work," says his Lordship, "is indeed "*incomplete and unfinished*; but it is not "with reference to any phrases, which may "be supposed to be too familiar or collo- "quial, that such a description has been "given of it." If the apology of incompleteness must not be employed as to phrases, much less we fear, can it be employed for the intricacies of construction which now and then appear, and render the sense obscure if not unintelligible. However, though we regret, for the sake of Mr. Fox's literary fame, that the apology of his few trifling inaccuracies in style should have been thus weakened by so high an authority as that of his nephew, we cannot but commend the sacred accuracy with which Lord Holland has forborne to make any alterations. But there seems to be some inconsistency where his Lordship, after thus speaking of Mr. Fox's scrupulous attention to language, confesses there are several passages, particularly in the latter end of the text, which Mr. Fox "might, that "there are some which he obviously would "have corrected." We are willing to believe that this is the case, and that there are some eight or ten passages in the course of the work, which owe their present vagueness to the ever-lamentable death of their great composer.

At the conclusion of the preliminary address to the readers from which we have gathered the statements of fact that we have here presented, Lord Holland alludes to the expectations which the public had formed of a biographical account of Mr. Fox. But this, he says, cannot be well attempted at present: for "either many interesting pas- "sages of his life must be omitted, or cir- "cumstances which might wound the feel- "ings of individuals yet living, must be "unnecessarily and wantonly disclosed to "the public."

Mr. Fox's history, unfinished, as it now appears, consists of three chapters. The first, which is intended rather as a preparation for the history, rather as an initiatory chain of reasonings, that as a part of the history itself, is called, An introductory chapter: and the contents of it are nearly as follows:

Mr. Fox speculates upon the actual events of several periods of English history between the reigns of Richard the Third and the time at which his own work commences; and speaks of the results that at the time when those events occurred might have been expected by able politicians. The first period is from the accession of Henry VII. to the year 1558: the second is from 1588 to 1640: the third is the period from 1640 to the commencement of the occurrences which form the subject of this history. Of the two former periods he speaks cursorily; but on the last he enlarges amply, not only because the objects of his work required him to enlarge here, but because the time itself gives ample room for speculation. For at this time, as he eloquently says, "We have the opportunity of con- "templating the State in almost every va- "riety of circumstances: religious dispute, "political contest in all its forms and de- "grees, from the honest exertions of party, "and the corrupt intrigues of faction, to "violence and civil war: despotism, first "in the person of an usurper, and after- "wards in that of an hereditary king: the "most memorable and salutary improve- "ments in the laws, the most abandoned "administration of them; in fine, what- "ever can happen to a nation, whether if "glorious or calamitous, makes a part of "this astonishing and instructive picture."

He proceeds to speak of the general desire for a redress of grievances: of Lord Strafford's attainder, the commencement of the civil war, the disingenuous treaty of the Isle of Wight, and the consequent execution of Charles the First; of the government and character of Cromwell, and the complete apathy produced upon the people, by repeated revolutions and by the dread of military power. He then enters on the character of Monk, and arrives at the time of the Restoration. His observations on the Reign of Charles the second, are introduced by the following admirable reasonings:

"The reign of Charles the Second forms one "of the most singular, as well as of the most

"important periods of history. It is the æra "of good laws and bad government. The abo- "lition of the Court of Wards, the repeal of "the Writ de Heretico comburendo, the Tri- "ennial Parliament Bill, the establishment of "the rights of the House of Commons in "regard to impeachment, the expiration of "the License Act, and above all, the glorious "statute of Habeas Corpus, have therefore "induced a modern writer of eminence to fix "the year 1679, as the period at which our "Constitution had arrived at its greatest the- "oretical perfection; but he owns, in a short "note upon the passage alluded to, that the "times, immediately following were times of "great practical oppression. What a field "for meditation does this short observation, "from such a man, furnish! What reflections "does it not suggest to a thinking mind, upon "the inefficacy of human laws, and the imper- "fection of human institutions. We are called "from the contemplation of the progress of "our constitution, and our attention fixed with "the most minute accuracy to a particular "point, when it is said to have risen to its ut- "most perfection. Here we are then, at the "best moment of the best constitution that ever "human wisdom framed. What follows? A "time of oppression and misery, not arising "from external causes, such as war, pesti- "lence, or famine, nor even from any such al- "teration of the laws as might tend to impair "this boasted perfection, but from a corrupt "and wicked administration, which all the so "much admired checks of the constitution "were not able to prevent. How vain then, "how idle, how presumptuous is the opinion, "that laws can do every thing! and how "weak and pernicious is the maxim founded "upon it, that measures, not men, are to be "attended to!"

He now goes on to treat concerning the administration of Southampton and Clarendon, and the king's entry on his career of mis-government: concerning the ministry, known by the name of the Cabal: the Dutch war, the death and character of De Witt, and the appearance of the Prince of Orange in public affairs: concerning the Popish Plot, with all its absurdities, and the disgraceful proceedings to which it gave rise, concerning the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the bill for excluding James the Second, from the succession. The Whigs wished to carry this exclusion, while the Tories wished only to stipulate for restrictions upon a Popish successor. In Mr. Fox's mind the arguments for the exclusion preponderated: as they probably must in the mind of every real lover of freedom.

The next subjects of Mr. Fox's consideration are the prosecution of Lord Stafford, the appointment of the Parliament at Oxford instead of London: the dissolution of that body, with the King's resolve, taken in a consequence of a pension received from France, that no more parliaments should be called: the tyrannies of Charles both in Scotland and in England: the Ryehouse-plot: and the execution of Russel and Sidney. Mr. Fox here takes occasion to blame Mr. Hume for having said, that the Pardon of Sidney, though it might have been an act of heroic generosity on the part of the King, could not be regarded as an indispensable duty. After answering in detail the reasonings of Mr. Hume, Mr. Fox says:

P. 49.

"The moral of all this seems to be, that "whenever a Prince can, by intimidation, "corruption, illegal evidence, or other such "means, obtain a verdict against a subject "whom he dislikes, he may cause him to be "executed without any breach of indispens- "able duty: nay, that it is an act of heroick "generosity, if he spares him. I never reflect "on Mr. Hume's statement of this matter but "with the deepest regret. Widely as I dif- "fer from him upon many other occasions, "this appears to me to be the most repre- "hensible passage of his whole work. A spi- "rit of adulation towards deceased princes, "though in a good measure free from the im- "putation of interested meanness, which is "justly attached to flattery when applied to "living monarchs; yet, as it is less intelligible, "with respect to its motives, than the other, "so is it in its consequences still more perni- "cious to the general interests of mankind. "Fear of censure from contemporaries will "seldom have much effect upon men in situa- "tions of unlimited authority; they will too "often flatter themselves, that the same power "which enables them to commit the crime, "will secure them from reproach. The dread "of posthumous infamy, therefore, being the "only restraint, their consciences excepted, "upon the passions of such persons, it is la- "mentable that this last defence, (feeble "enough at best) should in any degree be im- "paired; and impaired it must be, if not

" totally destroyed, when tyrants can hope to
" find in a man like Hume, no less eminent for
" the integrity and benevolence of his heart
" than for the depth and soundness of his under-
" standing, an apologist even for their foulest
" murders."

After speaking of the Oxford Decree, the expulsion of Mr. Locke and the King's transfer of his tyranny from the lives to the civil rights of his subjects, Mr. Fox arrives at the time when despotism was completely established. He then discusses the credibility of the prevalent notion that Charles intended to change his system; and after informing us that any such intention, if it ever existed, was but short by the death of Charles, he draws the character of that Prince in a most fair and impartial manner, and concludes the Introductory chapter with a few reflections upon what appeared to be the chances of freedom and slavery on the event of the Monarch's decease.

And now the history itself begins. As it is from this period a professed narrative of public events, it is unnecessary for us to give the contents of this and the following chapter: such contents, indeed, would be only a political chronology.

Perhaps, in the execution of this work, Mr. Fox has shewn his abilities rather as a statesman and constitutional lawyer, than as a historian. For doing the business of history, strictly so called, nothing more than a good plain understanding, capable of estimating and balancing evidence, of deciding between truth and falsehood, and of making reflections upon facts, is required or expected: but the lofty and magnificent genius of Mr. Fox was not easily to be brought within these narrow limits: if he is to be called a historian, he is the historian rather of the rise and progress of liberty and the whig-principles, than of the reign of James the Second: for he has diverged into disputation and swelled into sublimity: he has stopped to reason, instead of going on to relate, and delighted the heart and imagination where it was more strictly his business to inform the understanding. To the remotest ages this history, as it is called, must be a work beloved for the unaffected purity of its virtue, and admired for the comprehensive splendour of its genius; but we think its fame will depend much more upon its arguments than upon its narrations.

It is possible that Mr. Fox may have thought it necessdry to introduce his philosophical reasonings more frequently in the outset of his work than he would have conceived it necessary to do afterwards, both for the sake of avowing to posterity his own principles, and of preparing the reader's mind to take an interest in the subsequent relations: and we are the more inclined to this hypothesis, because, as the work advances, the narrative becomes more regular, and the reflections, (or rather digressions, for mere reflections are very allowable while digressions, however connected with the subject, are admitted no where but in notes or annexed dissertations,) become much less frequent: or in other words, the facts are left to explain themselves. From the declarations of Mr. Fox himself, before cited from Lord Holland's preface, it is evident that all his interlocutory matter would have been introduced into the body of the work: but probably, as his readers became more acquainted with the subject and with the author's way of considering it, he might have judged it unnecessary to interrupt his narrative so often with brilliant passages of constitutional law, able refutations of prejudiced historians, eloquent invectives againt overweening despotism, or pathetic defences of imprudent virtue. However, as these are the most instructive to the readers who study history rather for its philosophy than its anecdote, the work of Mr. Fox will always be inestimable: it will be the creed of the whig-principle, the manual of liberty, the code to which rising politicians may refer, and by which maturer statesmen may balance their ambition and their virtues!

Considering it therefore, rather as a work of political philosophy than of simple history, we shall present our readers with two or three extracts, which may prove how justly he estimated the prerogative of the crown on the one hand, and on the other, with how temperate a truth he weighed the rights of the people: which may serve to those of our readers who have not had many opportunities of contemplating this

great man in public life, as specimens of the majestic simplicity of his mind: which may be admired as the monuments of his genius, and go abroad, as the mirrors of his heart!

Mr. Fox in discussing the treaty for money which was negociated between Louis and James, by Barillon, the French ambassador, thus eloquently and philosophically exclaims on Lord Godolphin:

P. 88.

"With respect to the last mentioned Noble-
"man in particular, it is impossible, without
"pain, to see him engaged in such transactions.
"With what self-humiliation must he not have
"reflected upon them in subsequent periods of
"his life! How little could Barillon guess
"that he was negotiating with one who was
"destined to be at the head of an Administra-
"tion, which in a few years would send the
"same Lord Churchill, not to Paris to implore
"Lewis for succours to enslave England, or to
"thank him for pensions to her Monarch, but
"to combine all Europe against him in the
"cause of liberty! to rout his armies, to take
"his towns, to humble his pride, and to shake
"to the foundation that fabric of power which
"it had been the business of a long life to raise,
"at the expence of every sentiment of tender-
"ness to his subjects, and of justice and good
"faith to foreign nations! It is with difficulty
"the reader can persuade himself that the
"Godolphin and Churchill here mentioned, are
"the same persons, who were afterwards, one
"in the cabinet, one in the field, the great con-
"ductors of the war of the succession. How
"little do they appear in one instance—How
"great in the other! And the investigation of
"the cause to which this excessive difference
"is principally owing, will produce a most
"useful lesson. Is the difference to be attri-
"buted to any superiority of genius in the
"Prince whom they served in the latter part
"of their lives? Queen Anne's capacity appears
"to have been inferior even to her father's.
"Did they enjoy in a greater degree her fa-
"vour and confidence? The very reverse is the
"fact—But in one case, they were the tools of
"a King plotting against his people: in the
"other, the Ministers of a free Government,
"acting upon enlarged principles, and with
"energies which no state that is not in some
"degree republican can supply. How forcibly
"must the contemplation of these men even in
"such opposite situations, teach persons en-
"gaged in political life, that a free and popu-
"lar Government is desirable, not only for the
"public good, but for their own greatness and
"consideration, for every object of genuine
"ambition!"

In the following passage, which at first sight seems very convincing, there appears, upon close investigation, to be something a little inconclusive:

P. 224.

"There is a superior solidity ever belonging
"to the power of the Crown, as compared
"with that of any other body of men, or
"party, or even with either of the other
"branches of the legislature. A party has
"influence, but, properly speaking, no power.
"The houses of Parliament, have abundance
"of power, but, as bodies, little or no influ-
"ence. The Crown has both power and
"influence, which when exerted with wisdom
"and steadiness, will always be found too
"strong for any opposition whatever, till the
"zeal and fidelity of party attachments shall
"be found to increase in proportion to the in-
"creased influence of the executive power."

It is true that the houses of Parliament, though they have abundance of power, have little influence as bodies of the legislature; but when the houses of Parliament, as whole bodies, make any opposition to the Crown, it must be an opposition aided by a very strong party: and if that party which contains the majority of either House (and it must contain a majority in order to be a body of the legislature) have an influence which Mr. Fox owns a party to possess, then the body of the legislature that opposes the Crown, having power as a body, and influence by its party, possesses, as well as the Crown, the joint advantages of influence and of power.

Of his narrative powers, when he chose to be a mere narrater, Mr. Fox has given us a beautiful instance in the story of Argyle; which he concludes with the following impressive paragraph:

P. 211.

"He then embraced his friends, gave some
"tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law,
"Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-
"children; stript himself of part of his ap-
"parel, of which he likewise made presents,
"and laid his head upon the block: having
"uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to
"the executioner, which was instantly obeyed,

"and his head severed from his body. Such "were the last hours, and such the final close "of this great man's life. May the like happy "serenity in such dreadful circumstances, "and a death equally glorious, be the lot of "all, whom tyranny, of whatever denomina-"tion or description, shall in any age, or in "any country, call to expiate their virtues on "the scaffold!"

In his account of that part of the invasion, or, as the royal party termed it, the rebellion, in which Monmouth was principally concerned, Mr. Fox appears to have allowed his heart's natural bias toward liberty and mercy, to have turned him too directly to the favouring of Monmouth. Of this Nobleman he makes the apology, rather than the history. We apprehend that even Mr. Fox's defence will hardly secure the weak and selfish character of Monmouth from the obloquy with which other historians have loaded it.

We have said that we do not conceive Mr. Fox's execution to have always equalled his high conception of style. We will give two or three examples of his inaccuracies, which if he had not been so great a professor of composition, and so careful a writer, we should not have thought it necessary to mention in such a work as this, because they seem to be matters scarcely worth notice, unless from frequent occurrence: but in a work written by Mr. Fox, which has already been much commended for its style, and which is likely to have many imitators, we think it the duty of all who have a regard for the English language, to point out one or two remarkable errors: not, as we wish to be understood, in order to detract from the fame of Mr. Fox, but in order to warn other authors against an indiscriminate imitation.

In page 23, we find this ungrammatical sentence:

"After the fall of Clarendon, which soon "followed, the king entered into that career "of misgovernment, *which*, that he was able to "pursue *it* to its end, *is* a disgrace to the his-"tory of our country."

The word *it* here is superfluous, and spoils the construction: the sentence "that he "was able to pursue which to its end," is the nominative to the verb *is*, and not the relative *which*, that now stands in the place of the nominative. The author should have written "which that he was able to "pursue to its end is a disgrace, &c." And even that would have been a very awkward sentence: but not, as now, absolutely ungrammatical.

In page 54, Mr. Fox says:

"Neither his scruple nor his reluctance was "regarded by a court who knew its own "power."

Since Mr. Fox thought proper to say, "*its* own power," he should have said "a "court *which* knew," or "a court *that* "knew;" not a court *who* knew *its* own "power."

But the greatest and most frequent fault of his style is that involution of relative within relative, and parenthesis within parenthesis, which though tones and actions may help it and explain it in oratory, becomes almost unintelligible upon paper. Of this error the following sentences are examples:

P. 61.

"But whether or not any secret change was "really intended, or, if it were, to what ex-"tent, and to what objects directed, are points "which cannot now be ascertained, no public "steps having ever been taken in this affair; "and his Majesty's intention, if in truth he "had any such, becoming abortive by the sud-"den illness which seized him on the first of "February, 1685, and which in a few days "afterwards put an end to his reign and life."

P. 103.

"We are taught, generally, the dangers En-"glishmen will always be liable to, if from "favour to a Prince upon the throne, or from "a confidence, however grounded, that his "views are agreeable to our own notions of "the constitution, we, in any considerable de-"gree, abate of that vigilant and unremitting "jealousy of the power of the crown, which "can alone secure to us the effect of those wise "laws, that have been provided for the benefit "of the subject; and still more particularly, "that it is vain to think of making a com-"promise with power, and by yielding to it in "other points, preserving some favourite ob-"ject, such, for instance, as the church, in "James's case, from its grasp."

This sentence has not only the last mentioned fault of involution, but also that of a sudden confusion of the third person, in the

word *Englishmen*, with the first person, in the word *we*.

The last passage that we shall quote, is the worst of all. Mr. Fox has been speaking of the intimidation that prevailed among Argyle's friends, and their discussions with that Earl: he then says:

P. 157.

"Add to all this, that where spirit was not "wanting, it was accompanied with a degree "and species of perversity wholly inexplicable, "and which can hardly gain belief from any "one, whose experience has not made him ac- "quainted with the extreme difficulty of per- "suading men who pride themselves upon an "extravagant love of liberty, rather to com- "promise upon some points with those who "have, in the main, the same views with them- "selves, than to give power (a power which "will infallibly be used for their own destruc- "tion) to an adversary of principles diametri- "cally opposite: in other words, rather to con- "cede something to a friend, than every thing "to an enemy."

To conclude—whether we term this work strictly a history, or not, it will be entitled to an admiration of the highest kind. The title it may bear is of little importance: and the poet has said:

"That which we call a rose will smell as sweet "By any other name."

By whatever name the work of Mr. Fox shall be known to posterity, it will be known only to be admired: its little faulty peculiarities will be unseen amid the blaze of its beauties; and what exists will serve to excite an unextinguishable regret, that more has not been bequeathed. As long as the principles of liberty subsist in the breasts of Englishmen, the fame of Mr. Fox must endure, and we trust that such a duration will end only with the ending of the world!

CONCLUDING ADDRESS

ON THE

THIRD VOLUME.

The expiration of six months brings the periodical Editor, unadorned by the amplification and pomp of authorship, a simple individual, before the tribunal of the public: just as in the political world, the expiration of six years sends the representatives of the people to solicit a renewal of ancient obligations. At these periods all is humility, gentleness, penitence, and promise. The forgiveness of past errors is intreated, and the hope of future merits is held forth. The Editor as well as the Representative, has duties to perform to the public and to himself. The Editor, like the Representative, in too many cases allows himself to overlook that part of his duty which is owing to the public. Both have alike the arduous task of resisting bribes, and temptations, and what is still less easily resisted, the insinuation of stealing influence: hope and fear, splendour and mortification, all the glories of promise, and all the horrors of menace, dazzle and confound him, throw deceitful lights and fallacious shadows on his path, paint with unreal flowers the dangerous steep of falsehood, and cover with infernal darkness the bright and open tracks of truth. May it be our literary lot, to imitate those senators who, "few but undismayed," have done their duty not only to themselves but to their country: whom influence has not sapped, whom terror has not shaken, whom hope has not seduced!

Conscious of such sentiments as these, we are not afraid of recalling the attention of our readers to the past, nor of soliciting their patronage for the future. For we feel that the errors which may be found in our work (and what human work is exempt from errors?) are those which diligence could not prevent nor honesty avoid; they must be errors which candid criticism will not think inexcusable, and which the hurried produc-

tion of periodical works, must of necessity render occasionally inevitable. And as to the future, we at least may venture to declare, that if our performances cannot always equal our wishes, they shall never fail through our indolence. On the contrary, it shall always be our strenuous care to improve to the highest possible excellence, every department of a work which has already been honoured with so distinguished a portion of the public patronage: and we are fully aware that we must ultimately perform the best service both to our fame and to our interests, by consulting the gratification of those who can alone dispense reputation, and upon whom alone emolument depends.

The *Biography* that has appeared in *Le Beau Monde* has, we flatter ourselves, evinced an accuracy of research and an impartiality of feeling that will instruct without tediousness, and please without flattery. For that department of the work which is devoted to *Miscellaneous Essays, Tales, Anecdotes, and Original Communications* of every species, compatible with the genius of such a work as this, we may venture to hope from our readers the praises of variety, utility, and elegance.

To the *Review of Literary Productions* a particular care has been directed: and as the plan of *Le Beau Monde* is not so much to notice every thing, as to describe what is generally interesting, we have been able to devote to works of importance more room than can be bestowed by other Reviews, which by saying something of every thing, can say little of any thing. In our *Poetry*, whenever the dearth of genius has made it impossible for us to be original, we have at least endeavoured to be select: and in our *Political Articles*, where the intelligence, being recorded but once a-month, must often want the gloss of novelty, we have striven to make amends by the impartiality of our strictures. Our *Theatrical Criticisms* have not, we trust, deserved now to lose the high approbation which in each former Volume they so amply obtained: and even the lighter portions of this Magazine, which relate to *Costume*, to *Sporting*, and to a thousand other sprightly and fashionable subjects, will be found entertaining by our gayer readers.

But we pride ourselves not merely on having continued to do well what was always approved: but on having added to our Magazine some new features which cannot but render it still further acceptable to the Public. These are, Engravings of the *Discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii*, illustrated by *Essays*: and *Biographical and Critical Memoirs of the Principal Performers in the London Theatres*. Of the merit of the *Engravings* from the antique, our Subscribers and the Public will be convinced by a glance: and in these times, when the *antique* is of all things the most *modern*, the descriptions and plates which are presented by *Le Beau Monde*, cannot fail to be highly and generally interesting. And as the *Dramatic Memoirs* are not only accompanied with admirable Portraits engraven by Mr. Scriven, from the Drawings of Mr. De Wilde and Miss Emma Smith, but also compiled by a gentleman whose particular advantages have given him the means of accuracy in fact, and whose long attention to the pursuits of the drama, have furnished him with a critical knowledge of the stage, it is hoped that these Memoirs will be found a tolerably perfect representation both of the profession and of its professors.

Grateful then for the favours already received, and eager to deserve a continuance of those favours, to the Public we again commit ourselves, confident, but not presumptuous—cautious, but not afraid.